

The Sketch



No. 526.—VOL. XLI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1903.

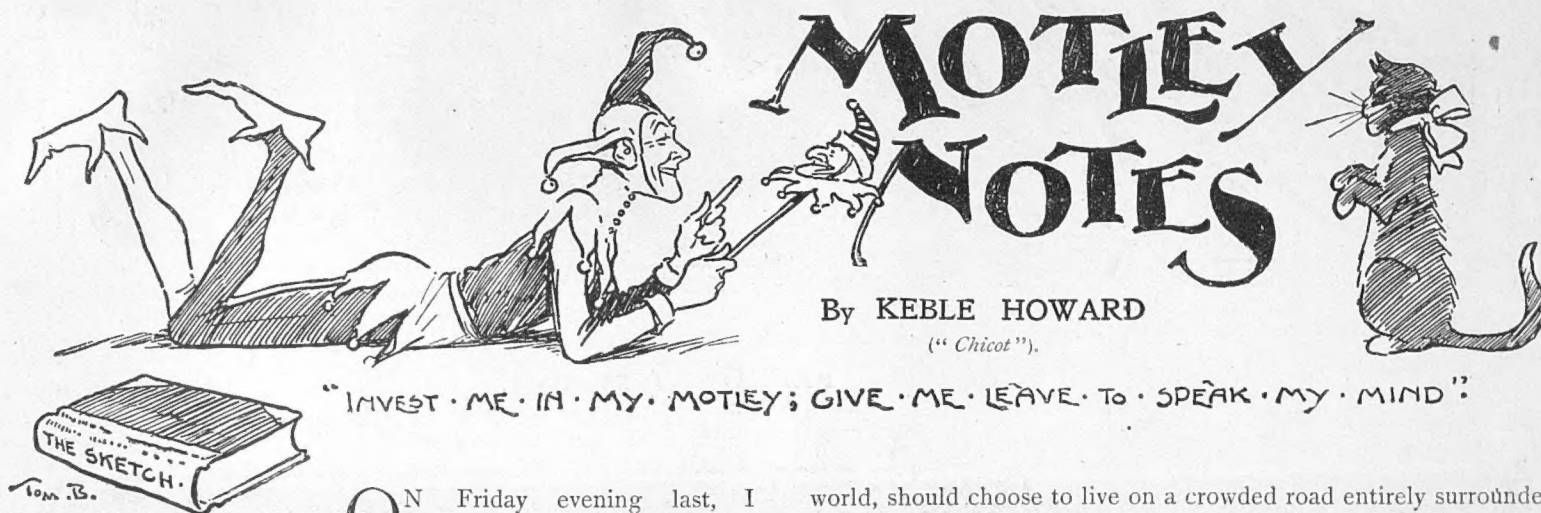
SIXPENCE.



"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED," AS PLAYED AT THE LYRIC.

MR. FORD'S-ROBERTSON AS DICK HELDAR AND MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS MAISIE.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W. (See also Page 201.)



ON Friday evening last, I journeyed down to Shoreditch to witness a costume recital of "Romeo and Juliet." The tragedy was enacted in the Elizabethan manner—that is to say, without the aid of scenery or any other accessories save such as were absolutely necessary. To be quite candid, I would rather see Shakspeare presented in the modern manner; one gets a little tired of gazing at black curtains, and the performers, naturally enough, are handicapped by the lack of appropriate setting. It must be very difficult for Romeo and Juliet, I should imagine, to summon up the amount of yearning required for the Balcony Scene when nothing more substantial divides them than a brass rod and a piece of velvet. Despite these drawbacks, however, Mr. Gerald Lawrence was quite convincing as Romeo, and Miss Haidée Gunn, inspired, no doubt, by her handsome *vis-à-vis*, played Juliet very prettily. The remainder of the Company, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Macklin, struggled, more or less successfully, against their trying surroundings; anyhow, they kept a large audience of earnest young students thoroughly interested for rather more than three hours. It was worth the journey to Shoreditch if only to see how keenly these pale-faced, long-haired youths and pale-faced, straggle-haired maidens kept one burning eye constantly fixed upon the stage and the other firmly glued to their books. The sight should have been an encouraging one for the promoters of Evening Continuation Schools.

It is wonderful to note how ignorant the West-End of London still remains of the advanced state of civilisation that flourishes in the East-End. Even Bohemia, it seems, stops short at Ludgate Circus, for the distinguished actor who accompanied me to Shoreditch professed himself greatly astonished at the wide streets, the swift-running cars, the gorgeous hostleries. Having had occasion to make several previous journeys myself to that part of the Metropolis, I assumed a somewhat lofty tone about the matter, and asked him whether he had expected to find a land of wooden, tumble-down houses, pitch-dark streets, and other joys such as are described so vividly in "Barnaby Rudge." I apologised to him for the absence of lurking foot-pads, creaking shop-signs, link-boys, hackney-chairs; I expressed my regret that I was unable to show him the Watch, with staff and lantern, crying the hour and the kind of weather. To do him justice, however, the distinguished comedian took his snubbing very well, and replied that, for his part, it was a long time since he had made any discovery half so interesting in this familiar old city of ours. By way of continuing his investigations, he stepped into a drinking-saloon, all glittering with gilt and blazing with electric-light, and called for whisky.

That delightful foretaste of spring last week resulted, of course, in the usual number of letters from dear people who were quite beside themselves with excitement at having heard the nightingale. A titled correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, for example, hastened to write from Cannes as follows: "My gardener declares that he heard the nightingale here a fortnight ago, and still hears him." Far be it from me to cast doubts upon the habitual sobriety of the good, horny-handed fellow in question, but it seems to me that there is something a little uncanny about a man who can still hear a nightingale that sang to him a fortnight ago. For all I know to the contrary, that ghostly music is ringing in the gardener's ears at this moment. The same enthusiastic writer then continues: "I saw myself this morning a robin redbreast in my garden, which, as I live on a very crowded road, with trams, autocars, waggons, and trains constantly passing, is rather remarkable. . . . As all little birds are eaten here, it is rather strange to have seen one so close in the daytime." It is even more strange that so enthusiastic a lover of Nature and, more particularly, the feathered

world, should choose to live on a crowded road entirely surrounded by people who gobble up small birds. I leave the imaginative reader to fill in the picture for himself.

Ever a keen student of the female mind, it is only natural that I should be vastly interested in the "Society for Promoting Man Indifference Amongst Women," recently established at Guildford. Setting aside the great compliment that the promoters of the scheme have inadvertently paid to my own sex, it is encouraging to note that all members must have an attractive appearance and be maidenly in their conduct. In the framing of these two rules, the organisers of the scheme have shown infinite wisdom, for how long, I ask, could you expect a Society to flourish that consisted, for the most part, of plain, ill-dressed spinsters with harsh voices and rough manners? Such a Society would rapidly destroy its own reason for existence, since it is obvious that no Society of any kind is necessary for the protection of women to whom men are themselves indifferent. Granted, on the other hand, that the Club be composed of all the most desirable young women in Guildford, the movement is likely to result, I think, in a satisfactory epidemic of weddings. Another useful rule is to the effect that any member falling in love will be expelled from the Society. In other words, the Society will fulfil a useful function in compelling bashful maidens to declare their love, and will also place the object of the maiden's affections in such a tangled maze that it will need a clergyman or a registrar to get him out of it.

Under the heading, "Prayers for Fine Weather," the *Spectator* is printing letters from correspondents on the subject of offering up petitions to the Deity for material benefits. Some of the writers are exercised in their minds because they are not quite sure whether it is right to pray for something which, if granted, might cause unpleasantness to somebody else. The Editor, whilst declining to print any more letters on the subject, admits that "prayer is one of the needs of the soul," and therefore, presumably, a man has the right to exercise the higher part of his nature regardless of the needs of his neighbours. It is just as well, perhaps, that this correspondence is to cease, for such a question as prayer can hardly be discussed fully and freely in the columns of a paper. The sensitive man, in all probability, will fail to make his point, whilst the candid man, owing to his outspokenness, will doubtless bring upon himself an accusation of flippancy. My own experience of the matter, for example, goes to show that the things one prays for are the very things that one does not get. When I was about eight years old, I remember, I prayed very hard for a tricycle, but I never received one. In later years, I used to pray that I might pass my examinations the first time I went up; I seldom did. Here, then, are some actual experiences on the subject of prayers for material benefits, but I should not dare to send them to the Editor of the *Spectator*.

I note that the *Referee*, insisting upon its position as the "champion of playgoers," makes one or two incorrect statements in connection with that weary old business at the Criterion. I must apologise to my readers for referring once again to this subject, but I feel bound to contradict the assertion that "the pit gave the most respectful attention to the performance." The pit—or, at any rate, the occupants of it who caused the disturbance at the close—did not give attention to the performance at all, save in so far as was necessary to turn the lines into ridicule and find double meanings in the dialogue. I happened to be sitting rather far back in the stalls, and thus I was compelled to hear all the remarks that these young gentlemen cared to make during the progress of the play. I can only say that, had I been escorting a lady, I should have felt, to say the least of it, very uncomfortable.

THE PLAGUE OF RATS IN THE STRAND:
A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.



SUGGESTED BY RENÉ BULL.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Dulness of Lent—Smoking in Club Halls—Oysters—Relief Works—Gun-room and Barrack-room Courts-Martial.

VERY much fear that we have a dull Lent before us. All our legislators have come to town groaning over the leaden work that lies before them, and Clubland is by no means lively, except in one of the best-known of the great Club-houses, where an apple of discord has been thrown into the midst of a hitherto peaceful family by the Committee's proposal to raise the subscription, their right to do this being questioned. It raises a very pretty point and the lawyers may have to decide the matter. It is not often that Club disagreements between the Committee and members or between two sections of members have to be referred to law, and, indeed, most of the little gales that are raised in Clubs are over small matters, smoking being a very fruitful cause of strife. At one great Military Club there was a pitched battle of votes between the elder members and the younger over the question whether smoking was to be allowed in the hall, and at another Military Club this question was diplomatically settled by allowing the members to carry a lighted cigar through the hall, though smoking there was not allowed. I am told that smoking in the hall has now become an acute question at one of the Ladies' Clubs, our sisters and cousins and aunts who smoke not seeing why they should light their cigarettes only in the smoking-lounge.

The eternal Education Question, the Unemployed, the Housing of the Poor, and the atrocities of the oyster we are to have with us during Lent. It has always been a matter of surprise to me that no man has been ingenious enough to invent a vegetable or animal substitute for the oyster, something as luscious and slippery and warranted to be quite innocuous. The "Prairie oyster," of course, I know, for it was to be found in every tin shanty that called itself a hotel in South Africa. As a teetotal oyster, it was made by a layer of vinegar, a raw egg, some more vinegar, and some pepper; but as a non-teetotal oyster it had a good deal of whisky sandwiched between the vinegar and the egg, a dusting of red pepper at the bottom of the glass, and a few drops of Tabasco on the top of everything. It is needless to say that the latter type of oyster tasted more like a scorpion than a shell-fish. The American who invented wooden nutmegs is, of course, dead long ago, and our cousins across the ocean have nothing to fear from their beautiful Blue Points, so that American ingenuity is not turned in this direction. We might, however, learn from the Americans how to cook oysters, for I believe that the trial by fire is the best way to make sure that no harm can come from our shell-fish. In an American restaurant the oysters are cooked in twenty different ways, and the fries and the stews are admirable. In England we do just acknowledge that oysters are possible in soup and sauce, though all housewives consider it a waste of "Natives," and "Huîtres à la Mornay" are beginning to appear on Club menus in place of the commoner savouries. It may be that the salvation of the British oyster is to come from Ireland, for the King has ordered his oysters for Buckingham Palace to be supplied from that country, and Erin may yet have justice done to her.

The relief works which are started in India whenever the scourge of famine is on the land have been constantly referred to in the discussions regarding the provision of work for the Unemployed. In the East it is no matter of drawing the workers out from a great city and sending them back at night. The camps are generally far away from any town, at the headwaters of some stream where a dam is to be made, or on some great plain where irrigation works are required. Canvas is the only shelter needed, and a town with its tens of thousands of inhabitants, its store-houses and overseers' tents, seems to spring up in a day. The number of men working in such a camp varies enormously from time to time. A few showers of rain, which will make cultivation of the fields possible, will empty a camp of its labourers in a day, and the work stands over until the next period of distress. Of course, Indian and English conditions differ very widely, but the organisation of the Indian camps is as nearly perfect as anything of this kind can be.

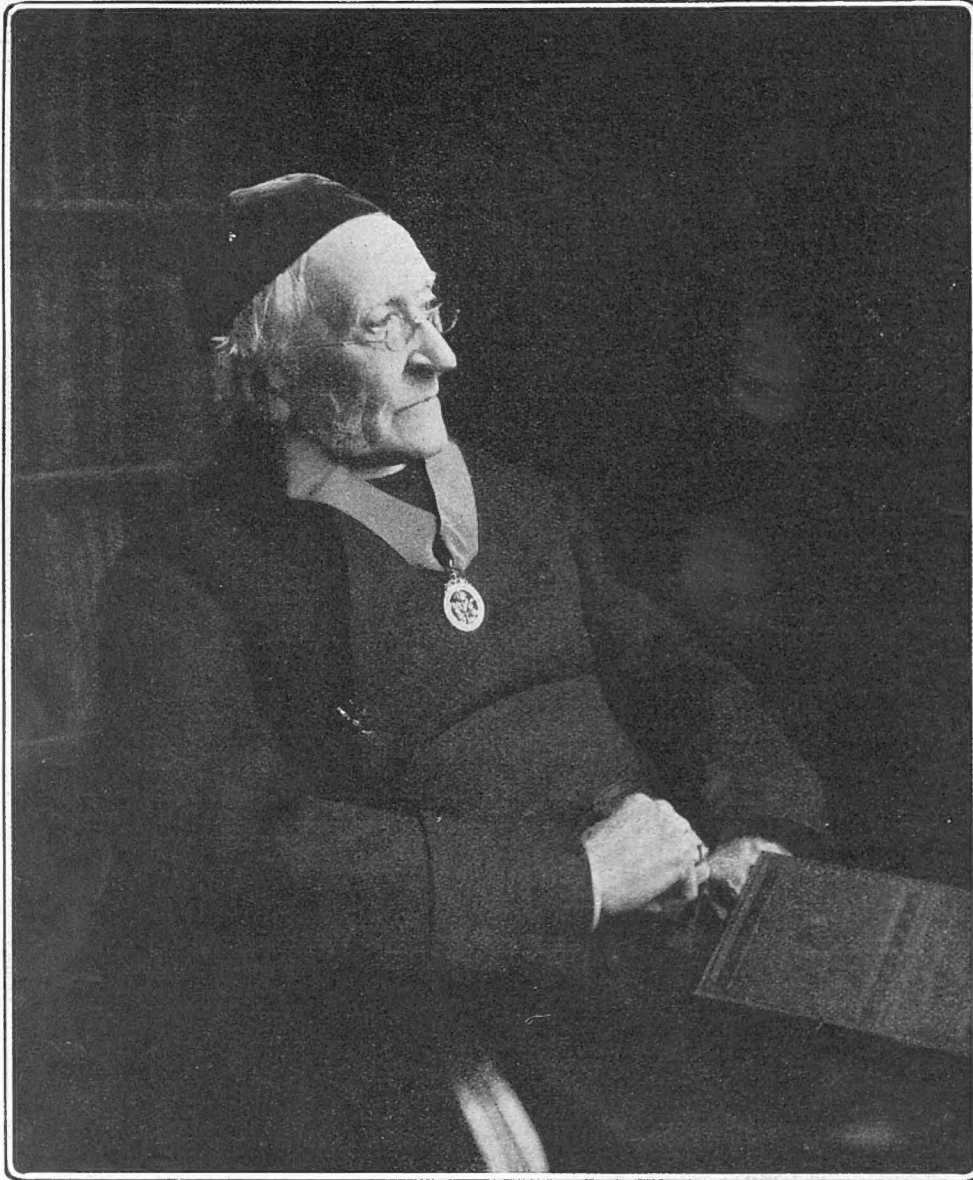
I am told that the sailors, who have rather smiled over the various "ragging" cases in the Army, may have to put their own houses,

or rather, ships, in order. A "Gun-room Court-martial" is just as well known in the senior Service as a "Subalterns' Court-martial" is in the junior, and any midshipman who offends against the unwritten laws of the mess is very soundly "clobbered," the instrument of punishment being the leather sheath of a dirk. I never, however, heard of a midshipman making complaint to any of his relations of such treatment. There was another unrecognised form of Court-martial which was common enough thirty years ago, a "Barrack-room Court-martial," but this has disappeared with the better provision made for soldiers in the barrack-rooms. It used to be a tribunal formed by the men to judge any one of their number suspected of stealing from a comrade. Nowadays, a soldier has a locker in which he can keep secure the small articles of his kit and his private property, but in old days everything a soldier possessed was kept on the shelf above his bed. If there was a thief in the barrack-room, it was easy enough for him to steal what he chose, and detection was difficult; but if the man was discovered,

he was tried in very rough-and-ready fashion, and there was but one punishment for the offence—flogging with the broad strap which holds together a rolled bed. It sufficed to keep the offence in check, and theft from a comrade became almost an unknown crime.

DEAN BRADLEY.

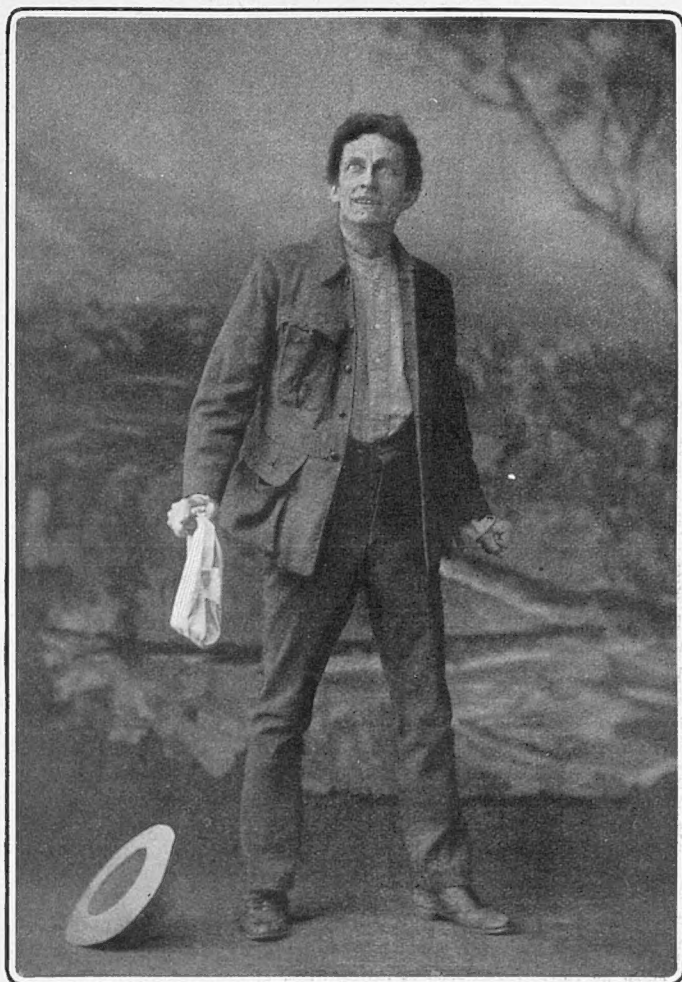
As *The Sketch* is going to press there is no change to record in the condition of Dean Bradley, whose serious illness has been causing much concern to his innumerable friends and admirers. Of course, the Dean's great age—he has entered on his eighty-second year—is against his recovery. Dean Bradley had a most distinguished career at Rugby and Oxford, and held many important positions as a Public School Master and in the Church before he became Dean of Westminster more than a score of years ago. He is also an author of some note, perhaps his best-known work being "Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley" (1883). He collaborated also with Mr. R. E. Prothero some ten years later in the "Life of Dean Stanley."



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF DEAN BRADLEY.

Taken by R. F. W. Haines, Milman Road, W.

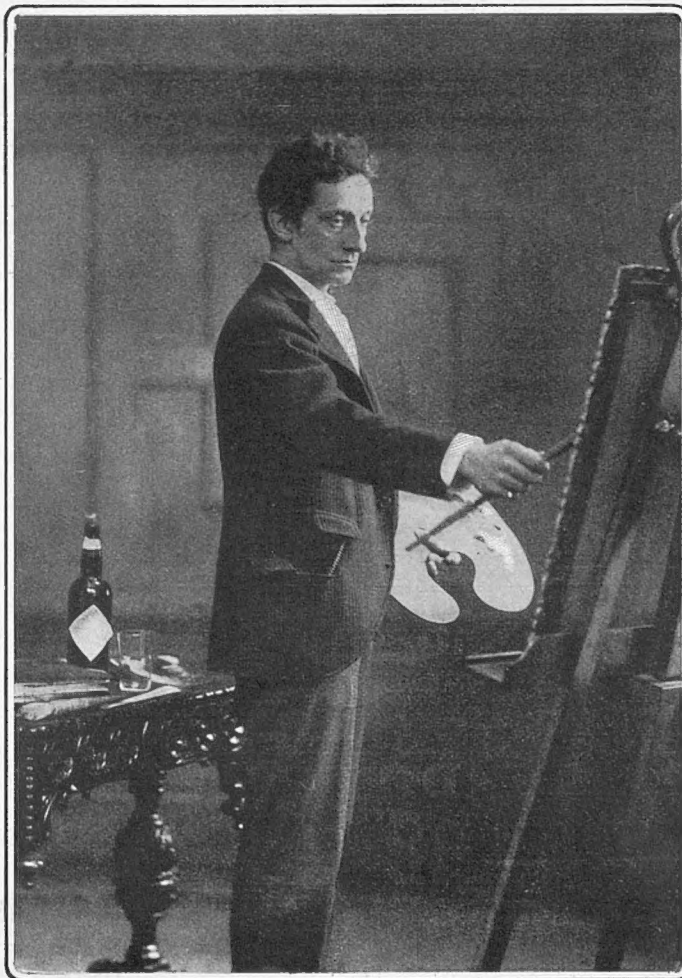
THE STORY OF DICK AND MAISIE,
AS TOLD IN "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



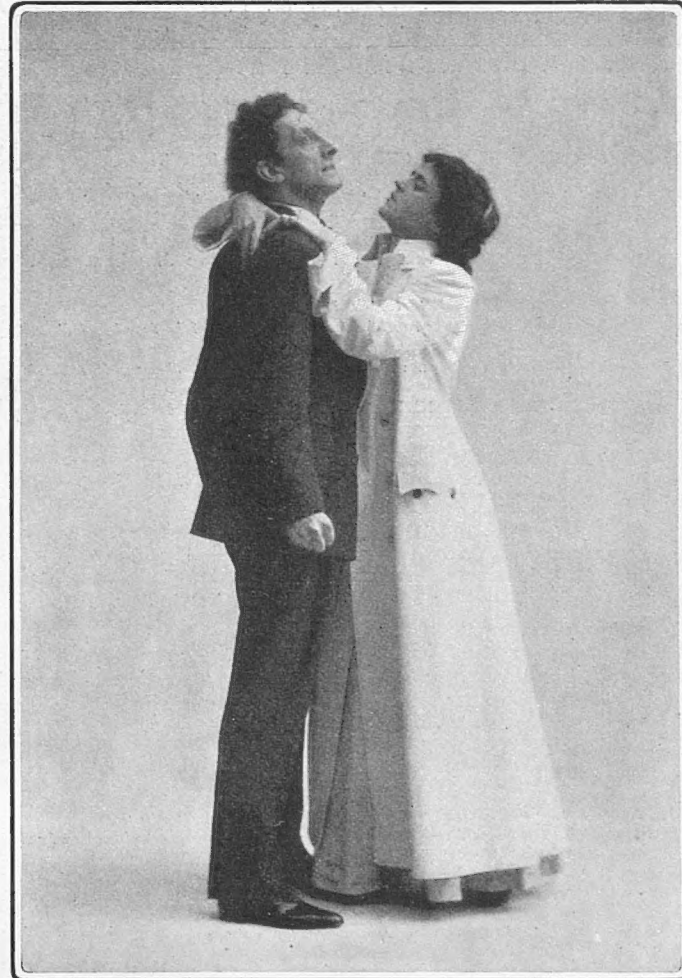
The trouble begins when Dick (Mr. Forbes-Robertson) gets a cut over the head (in the Soudan campaign) which affects an optic nerve. After weeks of darkness, he finds, to his joy, that he can see quite well again.



In the meantime, Maisie (Miss Gertrude Elliott), his chum of childish days, is painting away in London and striving to become a great artist. Dick returns, proposes to her, and is refused.



The old trouble with the eyes returns. He consults an oculist and is told that he will soon be blind. He determines to paint one great picture before the light fails.



And so Dick loses his sight but not his love, for Maisie, on hearing of the great trouble that has fallen upon him, suddenly discovers that she loves him after all.

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Feb. 25, 1903.

Signature.....

THE DOWDESWELL GALLERIES.

AMONG many attractive works at the Dowdeswell Galleries, probably admiration will be most generally accorded to Mr. A. W. Strutt's clever and picturesque scenes, each one of which is marked by some pleasing incident, such as "Passing Fancies," in which two sportsmen following the hounds turn to bow to a couple of pretty eighteenth-century maids whom they pass on their way; or "Ilka Lassie has her Laddie," in which three couples are about to ride away from an old homestead, the girls being on pillion-saddles behind their lovers, and the costumes those of a past age. Several of Nico Jungmann's highly elaborated and quaintly charming representations of Dutch types are also exhibited. In most cases they are distinguished by rich and brilliant colours, but "Bathing" is a singularly delicate and fascinating picture of a small child entering the water, with her drapery waving in the breeze. "On a Gondola (Venice)" is also noteworthy, by reason of the successful and somewhat original rendering of the sunlight sparkling on the canal and buildings. There is also an interesting collection of water-colours by the late Charles Davidson, an artist who cultivated with rare skill the technique, now regarded as old-fashioned, that is associated with memories of such painters as Copley Fielding and Birket Foster.

The Exhibition of the Society of Women Artists at Suffolk Street does not reach an exceptionally high level, but among the many pictures hung are to be found several attractive works, especially in the water-colour rooms. Miss Jessie Hall is very successful with her "Sunset on the Downs," wherein sheep are glowing in the evening light, and she has also a pretty oil-painting with grazing horses that cast their long shadows over the meadow. Miss E. M. Wilde shows a cleverly contrived twilight scene in which the glow of the lamps tells very effectively against the grey-blue sea. The work is in a delicate key, and it is a proof of its strength that it does not suffer, by the juxtaposition of Miss Wake's vividly coloured "Japanese Stall," where a pretty girl appears in a brilliant kimono.

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"SKETCH" EDITORIAL NOTICES.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit; general articles at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

GENERAL NOTICES.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

No use will be made of circular matter.

Whenever possible, business should be conducted by post. The Editor cannot receive visitors except by appointment.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING and Queen have had a very busy time since they arrived in London, and this week the Sovereign will hold the first Levée of the year. Perhaps the most interesting Royal function of the last few days, if function it can be called, was their Majesties' visit to the Workmen's Dwellings built by the London County Council at Millbank. The Sovereign has always been particularly interested in the housing of the working classes;

when sitting as a member of the Royal Commission which concerned itself with this difficult question, the King—then, of course, Prince of Wales—paid many incognito visits to the poorer quarters of London, in order that he might see for himself how the London poor live. The Queen displayed much curiosity in the ingenious penny-in-the-slot gas-machines placed in the Dwellings.

A Regal Banquet. With the exception of banquets given in connection with the Coronation, the Sovereign has, as yet, rarely entertained the Diplomatic Corps and the great State officials at a State Banquet in Buckingham Palace. It is announced that this will be among the future Court functions of the Season, and the occasion will be a noteworthy one, especially as the King is certain to pay, as he always did when Prince of Wales, special personal attention to the composition of the menu. Abroad, banquets play a very great part at the various Courts, those presided over by the German Emperor sometimes lasting for hours on end. It is, however, well known that King Edward VII. has no sympathy with such Gargantuan feasts, and it is greatly due to His Majesty's efforts that the ordinary dinner-party menu is now kept within reasonable bounds.

Courts, Trains, and Débutantes. There must be rejoicings in the dress world at the news that once more the ample train is to reappear at their Majesties' Courts. This will probably mean a revival of the heavy materials which were quite unsuitable for the light "skeleton trains" which were the only wear last year. The Queen, indeed, is said to have returned to the old regulation concerning trains in order to give an impulse to the British

The Barony of Napier and Ettrick dates back to 1627, when Sir Archibald Napier, P.C., son of the famous inventor of logarithms, was elevated to the Peerage. The second Baron was a fighter and distinguished himself greatly as a Cavalier in the Civil Wars. Since then there have been



LADY NAPIER AND ETTRICK.

Photograph by Porter, Torquay.

many famous Napiers of Ettrick, and the present Lord, when in the Diplomatic Service, filled various important posts at European Courts, in South America, and Japan. Lady Napier, his second wife, is the daughter of Mr. James Cleland Burns, and niece of the late Lord Inverclyde. Her little son was born in 1899, and is familiarly known as the Hon. Lenox Napier, though, if the young gentleman were asked to sign his name in full, he would have to add to the "Lenox" a round half-dozen items. Colonel the Hon. John Scott Napier, of the Aldershot Gymnasium, whose photo appeared in a recent number in which an account was given of the "making of military muscle," is Master Lenox's uncle.



Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

LADY MARY GROSVENOR.



Photograph by Lafayette.

LORD CRICHTON.

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Viscount Crichton. Lord Crichton, whose engagement to Lady Mary Grosvenor has aroused such an extraordinary amount of interest on both sides of the Irish Channel, is one of those young men who seem born to good-fortune. In addition to being one of the most popular of soldier elder sons of Peers, he early had the luck to attract the attention of his future Sovereign, and he is one of the comparatively small circle who can claim to be on terms of real friendship with the present Prince and Princess of Wales. Though only just over thirty, Lord Crichton has had an adventurous life. He was one of those who helped to relieve Ladysmith, and his gallantry caused him to be mentioned in despatches and, what is perhaps nowadays more pleasant, to be given the "D.S.O." Shortly after his return home, he accompanied the then Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York round the world, being made a temporary A.D.C.

A Future Countess. Lady Mary Grosvenor has been from her birth one of the youngest aunts in the world, for she is considerably younger than her nephew the present Duke of Westminster. The eldest of the late Duke's second family, Lady Mary spent her childhood and early girlhood at Eaton Hall, and she has inherited many of her distinguished father's tastes, including an ardent love of horses. There is no noble family where the relationships are more complicated and curious than in that of the house of Grosvenor.

silk industry, in which both Her Majesty and the Princess of Wales have shown so great and practical an interest. This is essentially to be a débutantes' year, perhaps the most notable forthcoming presentation being that of Lady Mary Hamilton, the only child of the late Duke.

As most people are aware, the first Duke married as his second wife the sister-in-law of his own daughter, Lady Chesham, and accordingly Lady Mary Grosvenor is half-sister to her own aunt. She forms one of an interesting group of sisters, cousins, and aunts, all well under



THE HON. MARIE HAY, WHO WAS MARRIED LAST WEEK TO HERR VON HINDENBURG.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

thirty, which includes Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Beauchamp, and Lady Constance Butler.

The Hon. Marie Hay.

The marriage of Miss Marie Hay, who is a niece of the Duke of Fife and of Lord Kinnoull, to the distinguished German Diplomatist, Herr von Hindenburg, is a very interesting one, for curiously few Anglo-German weddings have taken place during the last twenty years. Miss Hay is very clever and cultivated. She has written on historical subjects with real distinction, her book on Diane de Poitiers being quite an authority on the career of that extraordinary woman. The marriage of Miss Hay and Herr von Hindenburg was celebrated last week in Rome, where the bridegroom is Third Secretary to the German Embassy.

Mrs. Roy Devereux. Mrs. Roy Devereux, notwithstanding her youth, is one of the best-known members of that interesting cosmopolitan society which is equally at home in London, Rome, and Paris. Of partly Spanish parentage, she has all the beauty and the ardour of that wonderful race, and she early made up her mind to become a writer. At one time she did a good deal of journalism, and just before the War broke out she had the good-fortune to visit all the principal towns in South Africa as Correspondent of the *Morning Post*. Her vivid letters from what was so soon to be the scene of action were gathered together and appeared in a volume, entitled "Side-lights on South Africa." Mrs. Roy Devereux will shortly publish a novel of modern life. She spends much of her time in Paris, where she has a pretty flat.

The King and Parliament.

The most interesting novelty in connection with the State opening of Parliament was the fact that the King kept everybody standing. In former years, after he and the Queen had taken their places on the throne, His Majesty, by a downward motion of the open hand, indicated his pleasure that others should sit down. On this occasion he made

no such signal. The result was that, while he and the Queen were seated, everybody else, including the Prince of Wales, Peers and Peeresses, Ambassadors, Commons, and journalists, continued to stand. They remained on their feet during the whole ceremonial.

Lord Salisbury's Reappearance.

The Peers were gratified when, on the first night of the new Session, the Marquis of Salisbury reappeared in their midst. Several retired statesmen sit on the second Conservative bench, immediately behind the Government. Among these are the Duke of Rutland, Lord Goschen, and Lord Llandaff, who support their old colleagues by their experience and presence. Lord Salisbury moved nearer the Bar and took a seat on the front bench, which is separated from the Government bench by a gangway. There he found a companion in his old friend, Lord Cross, who sits in the corner corresponding with that occupied on the Liberal side by Lord Rosebery. Dramatic effect would be secured if the two ex-Prime Ministers were to engage in controversy.

A Dull Opening.

For about a quarter of a century there has not been so dull an opening of a Session as Parliamentarians have endured this year. The dullness is attributed to the lack of any "burning" subject. Perhaps it is due, to a larger extent, to the absence of great men. If a Gladstone had been the Leader on either side he would have stirred the emotion of the House of Commons. Even Mr. Chamberlain might have instantly provoked controversy. His absence made him, I may say, more conspicuous than ever. Some of the fighters are saving their strength till he returns. Mr. Balfour's desire as Leader is to secure a peaceful, easy-going Session.

Two New Political Hostesses.

The present Session will see on the Parliamentary scene two very charming new political hostesses, and, as is only fit and meet, the one belongs to the Liberal and the other to the Conservative Party. I refer, of course,



MRS. ROY DEVEREUX.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

to Mrs. Herbert Gladstone and to Mrs. St. John Brodrick, both still wearing bridal honours and both singularly charming and agreeable women. Great things are expected of Mrs. St. John Brodrick, owing to the fact that her mother, Lady Jeune, has long been one of the most famous hostesses, it might almost be said, in the world. As Miss Madeleine Stanley, the wife of the Secretary of State for War often helped her mother to entertain the great ones of the world both in Harley Street and at Arlington Manor; accordingly, the ordeal of presiding over great political parties will have no terrors for her. The Prime Minister is also expected to give a number of parties.

A Smart Winter Wedding.

One of the smartest of winter weddings was celebrated last Saturday (21st), the bridegroom being that hitherto most popular of widowers,

Sir George Stirling, and the bride Frances, Lady De L'Isle and Dudley. The latter, who, it seems, is to be known in future as Lady Stirling, has now been for some two or three years one of the most charming of widowed Peeresses. Sir George Stirling is a great favourite at Court, for he was the intimate friend and governor of the late Duke of Albany. He comes of a famous naval family and his first wife was the widow of the third Viscount Clifden. It will be remembered that Sir George's only daughter by his first marriage lately became the wife of Mr. Frank Labouchère.

It is curious how rarely a Duke's son marries a Duke's daughter; this, however, will be the case with the latest engaged couple, Lord George Scott and Lady Elizabeth Manners. Lord George is the son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch—that is, a brother of Lord Dalkeith—and Lady Elizabeth is the youngest of the Duke of Rutland's second family, and thus half-sister to Lord Granby. Yet another engagement of considerably more interest to a large section of Society is that of pretty, popular Lady Beatrix Herbert, the daughter of Lord and Lady Pembroke, and niece of Lord Durham, of the Duchess of Leeds, and of Captain Hedworth Lambton, to Captain Nevile Wilkinson. Lady Beatrix, who has inherited beauty from both her parents, is one of the innumerable great-granddaughters of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, and her marriage will certainly be among the smartest and most brilliant functions of the Season.

Royal London Trout.

There is something very interesting, not only to the disciples of Izaak Walton, but to the larger section of the public concerned with culinary matters, in the news that the lake in the gardens of Buckingham Palace has just been stocked with some four hundred rainbow-trout. Hundreds of years must have gone by since that most delicious of fresh-water fish found a home in London waters. The Royal lake was carefully prepared for their reception, and it is amusing to learn that the preparations included the placing in the lake of a number of shrimps. The trout were brought from Lord Denbigh's famous fish-hatcheries at Holywell, North Wales, and there seems no reason why their Majesties should not soon be able to offer the more

favoured of their guests an item which might figure on the menu of a hitherto unique lunch, "Royal London Trout."

A Russian Grand Duke's Tragedy.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovich, who has for many years been in exile in Central Asia, has at last been permitted by the Czar to return to the Crimea, where he is being taken care of by his family. The Grand Duke, when a young man, was the hero of a scandal with a French singer, in consequence of which he was banished by the Czar Alexander II., his uncle, to Orenburg. There he married the daughter of a police official, and the Czar at once issued two decrees, one banishing him to Tashkend, and the other forbidding the papers ever to print his name. One day the Grand Duke escaped from his guards, who were nominally his escort, and, disguising himself as a Cossack,

rode across Russia to his home at Pavlovsk, close to St. Petersburg. His family, fearing the Czar's anger, refused to see him, and the unhappy man had to go back to Tashkend, where solitude and despair finally drove him out of his mind. His sister, the Queen of Greece, has at last obtained his pardon from the Czar Nicholas II., and the unfortunate Grand Duke has now been permitted to end his days in the Crimea.

King Victor Emmanuel, whose great hobby is coin-collecting, is just putting the finishing touches to his magnificent work on the coins of Italy, the cost of which will be six thousand pounds. Some idea of the magnitude of the book may be gathered from the fact that there have been no fewer than two hundred and seventy-seven Mints in Italy at one time or another. The King has a remarkably fine collection of coins, to which he has just added a number of old Italian coins which he bought at Frankfurt. His collection now consists of over sixty thousand specimens.

Did the Turkish authorities mobilise part of their forces? Did they let the report get about as a *ballon d'essai*? Nobody seems to be quite sure about the matter, even in Constantinople, from which interesting city I have just received a letter. It is amusing to see how the Revolutionary Committees and ardent

Bulgarians were toned down by the report of mobilisation. I am reminded of certain lines by Macaulay—

Forth looked in wrath the eagle, and carrion kite and jay
Soon as they saw his beak and claw fled screaming far away.

For, truth to tell, the unholy, unwashed propagandist who stirs the Turkish soldiers to excess in the Balkans, and then retires screaming "Massacre!" and leaving the poor Macedonians to their fate, has no stomach for fighting. Since Von der Goltz took the Turkish troops in hand and reorganised the Army, and since the Turk became possessor of some three-quarters of a million of Mauser rifles and a large number of quick-firing Krupp guns, there is less anxiety than ever to deal unfairly with him, except on paper. I hear from Constantinople that Edhem Pasha is likely to be raised in rank and entrusted with supreme command in the Monastir district. He is one of the greatest living soldiers, a fine strategist and born leader of men.



FRANCES, LADY DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY, WHO WAS MARRIED LAST SATURDAY TO SIR GEORGE STIRLING, BART.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

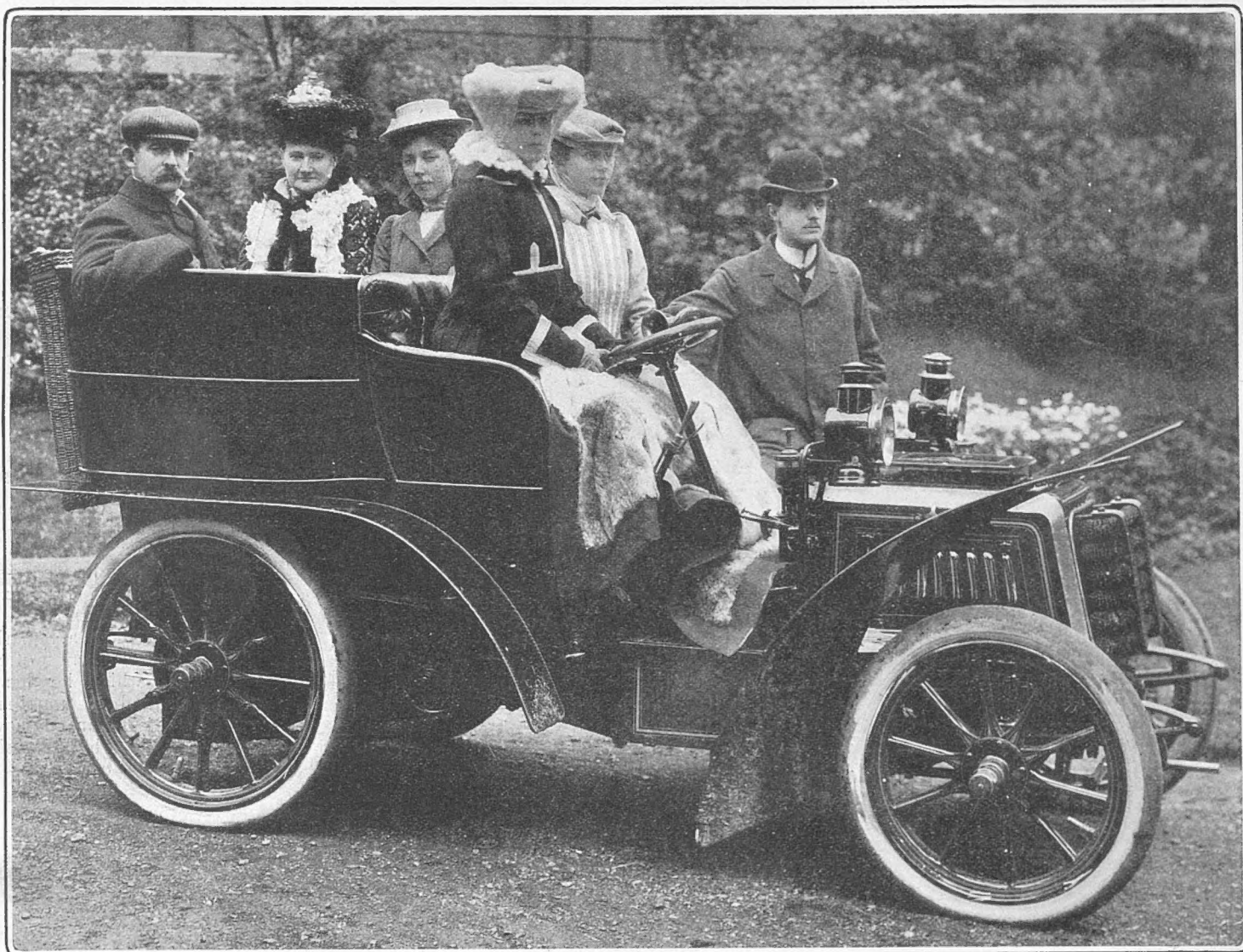
Royal Motorists. The motor-car world owes a real debt of gratitude to Royalty, for among the very first to patronise the horseless carriage have been the great Sovereigns of Europe, notably our own popular Sovereign and his innumerable relations. His Majesty's nephew and niece, the future King and Queen of Roumania, first tasted the delights of motoring in this country, and I am able to publish a photograph showing them in company with Lady Llangattock and Mr. Charles Rolls, who may, perhaps, claim to himself the proud title of practical pioneer of horseless locomotion. Their Royal Highnesses spent quite a considerable time in this country last year, and the beautiful Princess was the belle of many Royal gatherings. She is said to be the best-dressed Royal lady in Europe, and, should she take up motoring in earnest, she will probably surprise the world by appearing in what seems now to be unknown—a really becoming and yet serviceable horseless-carriage costume.

A Visit to Denmark. Emperor William, I hear, has definitely accepted an invitation to Copenhagen for April 8, the birthday of the aged King Christian (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The invitation has served to revive the rumours, long since current in Berlin, to the effect that

evening, was observed to pull a pair of scissors out of his pocket and beckon to one of his Adjutants. His Majesty's quick eye had noted an accident to the train of one of the dancers. The Adjutant promptly snipped off the torn strip of lace and the dance continued.

The British Ambassador.

One of the most interesting social events of the past week was the dinner given at the British Embassy to Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. At the request of Prince Henry, the number of guests invited was limited. Twenty-one covers only were laid. His Royal Highness brought with him a couple of guests, and the Princess was accompanied by two of her Ladies-in-Waiting. The other guests consisted of the Staff of the Embassy with their wives; Captain F. Lascelles, who has been staying with his father for the last few weeks; Miss Florence Lascelles, and the visitors who are now stopping at the Embassy. The British Ambassador is extremely happy in his relations with the Imperial House of Hohenzollern. He is a prime favourite both with the Emperor and his Royal brother. It was generally noticed in the newspapers that the Emperor profited by the occasion of the funeral of the late Minister of State, Dr. Delbrück, to draw Sir F. Lascelles aside for a few moments' private conversation. Prince and Princess Henry



Prince of Roumania. Lady Llangattock.

Princess of Roumania.

Hon. C. S. Rolls.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA, WITH LADY LLANGATTOCK AND THE HON. C. S. ROLLS.

Copyright Photograph of the "Car."

the Imperial House of Hohenzollern is considering the question of seeking a matrimonial alliance in Denmark. Such an alliance would carry with it obvious political advantages for Germany. Let me here take the opportunity of stating afresh, on the ground of private information from a very exalted quarter, that both King Edward and the Emperor William have decided that a marriage between the Crown Prince of Germany and Princess Alice of Albany cannot any longer be considered practicable, owing to the ties of consanguinity subsisting between them.

Court Festivities. The grand festivities at the Berlin Court during the past few weeks have enabled those new to the Prussian Court to see the Empress in the glory of all her jewellery. It has been estimated that the splendid jewelled ornaments worn by Her Majesty on these occasions represent a value of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Two-sevenths of these are the private property of the Empress. According to a curious calculation of the Court Jeweller, the train worn by Her Majesty at the grand ball last week was beset with diamonds worth six thousand pounds, whilst her dancing-shoes were valued at five hundred pounds. An interesting incident occurred during the ball. The Emperor, in the course of the

by the way, have now returned from Berlin to their residence at Kiel. They propose in the next few days to attend the foundation-stone laying of their new Summer Palace, which is to be erected at a cost of forty thousand pounds. They have been joined at Kiel by the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, who are celebrating their Silver Wedding. The Princess is the eldest sister of the Emperor. The marriage, in February 1878, was an extremely brilliant affair. It was celebrated simultaneously with that of the Hereditary Grand Duke August of Oldenburg and Princess Elizabeth, the second daughter of the Prince and Princess Friedrich Karl of Prussia. A prominent figure in the congregation was the then Prince of Wales, who was placed next to his sister, the late Empress Frederick.

The Olympic Games.

Athletes all over the world will soon have to train for the second celebration of the revived Olympic Games, which are to be held at Athens in the spring of 1904. The Diadoque, otherwise the Crown Prince of Greece, who is the President of the Commission, has appointed Mr. Spiridion Lambros, the well-known historian, to be Secretary, and it is very probable that the Games will be held at the same time as the Archæological Congress.

*The Cultivator:
Old and New Style.*

In the old style, three or four horses, accompanied by two men, wearily trudge across the field, laboriously but not very effectively turning up the soil. In the new style, two traction-engines are used, each supplied with a drum

the way, happened to be a little man with a distinct rotundity of form. Somehow or other, the local talent did not seem to be carrying everything before it, and Tom Browne's friend whispered to him, "The show is going awfully badly; do, for goodness' sake, help us out and do some pictures!" "You don't catch me going on to a platform and doing any talking," said Tom Browne, who has a natural shyness about speaking in public. "Oh, I'll do the talking," said the friend, "if you will do the drawing; and, so that there may be no difficulty in the matter about your not talking, I'll say you are a Frenchman and that you do not speak or understand English."

On that understanding the bargain was sealed. The friend announced that a French artist who had accompanied him would draw some pictures. A blackboard was dragged to the front of the platform, and the French "Monsieur Brun" was handed some chalk. "He will draw you one of his own countrymen," said the interpreter, and Tom Browne rapidly drew a typical Frenchman, amid great applause. So he went from subject to subject at the bidding of the interpreter, who addressed him in French and the audience in English, while "Monsieur Brun" punctuated his remarks *sotto voce*, with many shrugs of the shoulders and angular movements of the elbows and the hands. Then he began on the



THE CULTIVATOR: OLD STYLE.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

on which is wound a wire cable; this, with the attached cultivator, they alternately and quickly haul to and fro across the land, effectively exposing the soil to the beneficial effects of the atmosphere, sunshine, or frost, all powerful agents for good. The engines and implements soon get soiled and earth-stained, and, with their wreaths of steam and smoke, form a peculiar but not unpicturesque feature of the landscape.

*The First Lambs
of the Year.*

Bleating of the lambs is once again heard in the land, and on a sunny day the somewhat ungainly creatures may be seen disporting themselves in the fields. Their frolics and capers are most amusing; they turn somersaults and race each other the length of the field, for, while the dams are penned, the lambs have full range, a special opening being left for their convenience. Very curiously marked are some of the flock; they are known as "piebald" or "Jacob's lambs," in reference to the Biblical story.

*A Tom Browne
Story.*

Typically English artist as he is, Tom Browne, who forms the subject of *The Sketch's* Photographic Interview, was once the hero of an incident in which he figured as a French artist, and, it need hardly be said, both covered himself with glory and brought credit to the land across the Channel which prides itself on its artists. It happened on an occasion when he was holiday-making in the Midlands, and a friend with whom he was staying had promised to go to a neighbouring village to help in an entertainment in aid of some local charity. In the village school-room all the local celebrities had foregathered—the Squire and his wife and family, and many of the county folk, as well as the Vicar, who, by



THE CULTIVATOR: NEW STYLE.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

Squire, and produced a splendid caricature, to the intense amusement of the people in the back rows. He had hardly begun the next subject when there was a yell of laughter. It was the Vicar himself, and the Vicar laughed loudest of all as he saw his own points—though that word hardly expresses them—caricatured. Encore after encore was given to the artist, who retired crowned with laurels. The joke of the thing was that, at the supper to the artists which followed, the little deception was kept up, and to this day no one knows that the clever artist who made pictures on that blackboard for the villagers' amusement was not a foreigner at all, but Tom Browne.

The Kaiser.

I am told that, in the absence of the unexpected, the Kaiser will take holiday next week and go for a cruise on his yacht. It is an open secret that grave fears have been entertained about his health during the past few weeks. He has taken upon his own shoulders the heaviest part of the Venezuelan burden, presumably because he will not leave important matters to his Ministers, however capable they may happen to be. In addition to the Venezuelan affair, he has had the full amount of his ordinary work to do, and that alone would suffice to tire most men. The good folk of Berlin have noticed that their Kaiser is getting grey and careworn, that he seems more preoccupied than ever, and hardly responds to the popular greeting when he drives out.



THE FIRST LAMBS OF THE SEASON.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

*Miss Belle Stone's
"Spiral Act."*

One of the most attractive "turns" at the Canterbury is Miss Belle Stone's "Spiral Act." The element of mystery attaching to the performance is, perhaps, its most interesting feature, since no one quite understands how the feat is carried out. Acrobats have ascended upon revolving balls and trick-cyclists have ridden their

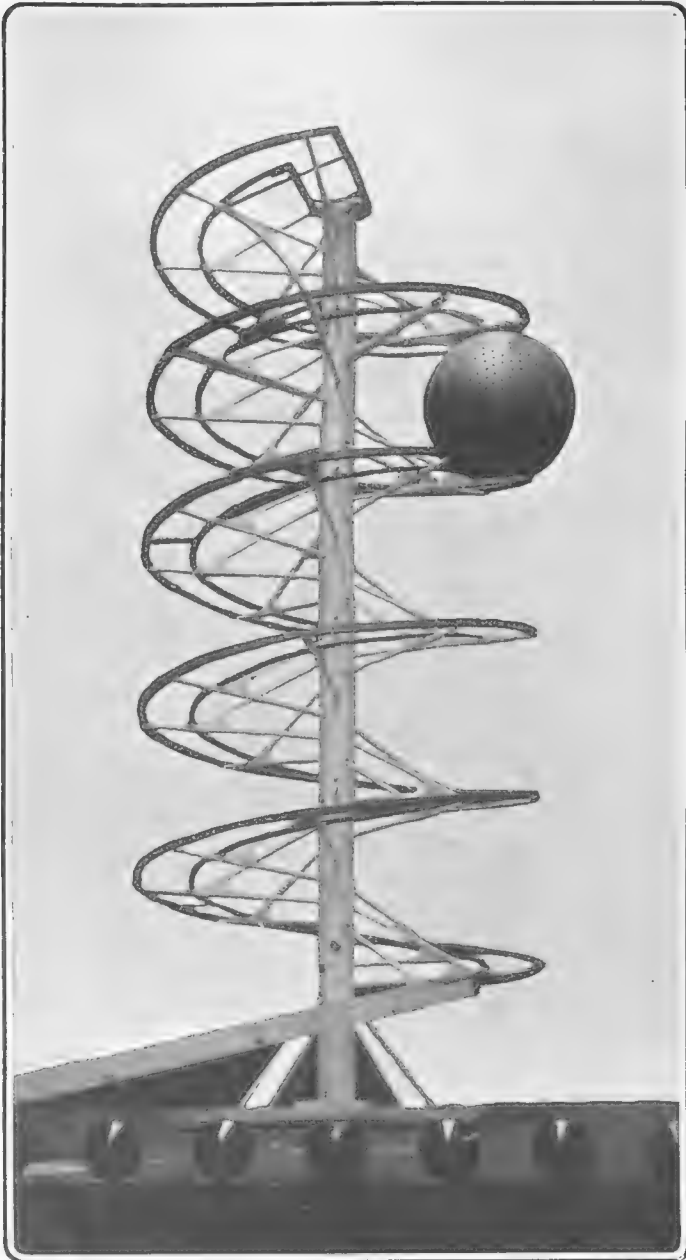
a whisper passed round that the Princess was present, nearly everybody left roulette and trente-et-quarante to see the woman who was more talked about than any other in the Principality. It was curious to note that the officials were content to look after the tables and to see that nobody took advantage of the confusion to make an unlawful coup. Nobody attempted to bring one off, the sensation was quite a genuine one, and the Princess made haste to bring her visit to an abrupt conclusion.

On the Riviera.

I would not care to follow the roulette systems of Lord Rosslyn or his brother, but I would not mind following the latter's performances at the *tir aux pigeons*. Last week, Mr. Fitzroy Erskine won the Challenge Cup at Monte Carlo from a company that included champion shots of many countries; he killed eleven birds consecutively. The exodus from London to the South still continues, but why do the railway companies start their service *de luxe* at nine o'clock in the morning from Charing Cross? It is far too early for delicate ladies, who must get up at seven, or even before, to catch it. The eleven o'clock service could do the journey in the same time if the companies would cut the wait at Paris, and I am sure it would be a popular move by the associated lines. Among the latest arrivals in the South are the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Marchioness of Donegall, Sir George Mackenzie, Sir Robert Harvey, Sir Walter Peace, and Mlle. Emilienne d'Alençon, at Monte Carlo; Prince Louis of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Viscountess Cantelupe, and Lady Penn Symons, at Mentone.

The Esterel Road.

Motorists and other visitors to the Riviera will be glad to learn that the new road known as the "Corniche d'Esterel," which is to run along the coast from St. Raphael to Cannes and Nice, is being pressed on rapidly, although it cannot possibly be opened until the end of March. The cost of the works will amount to twenty-two thousand pounds, of which six thousand pounds, or thereabouts, will be defrayed by the French Touring Club. The ceremony of throwing the road open to the public will be performed by M. Maruéjouls, the Minister of Public Works, and by M. Rouvier, the Minister of Finance.



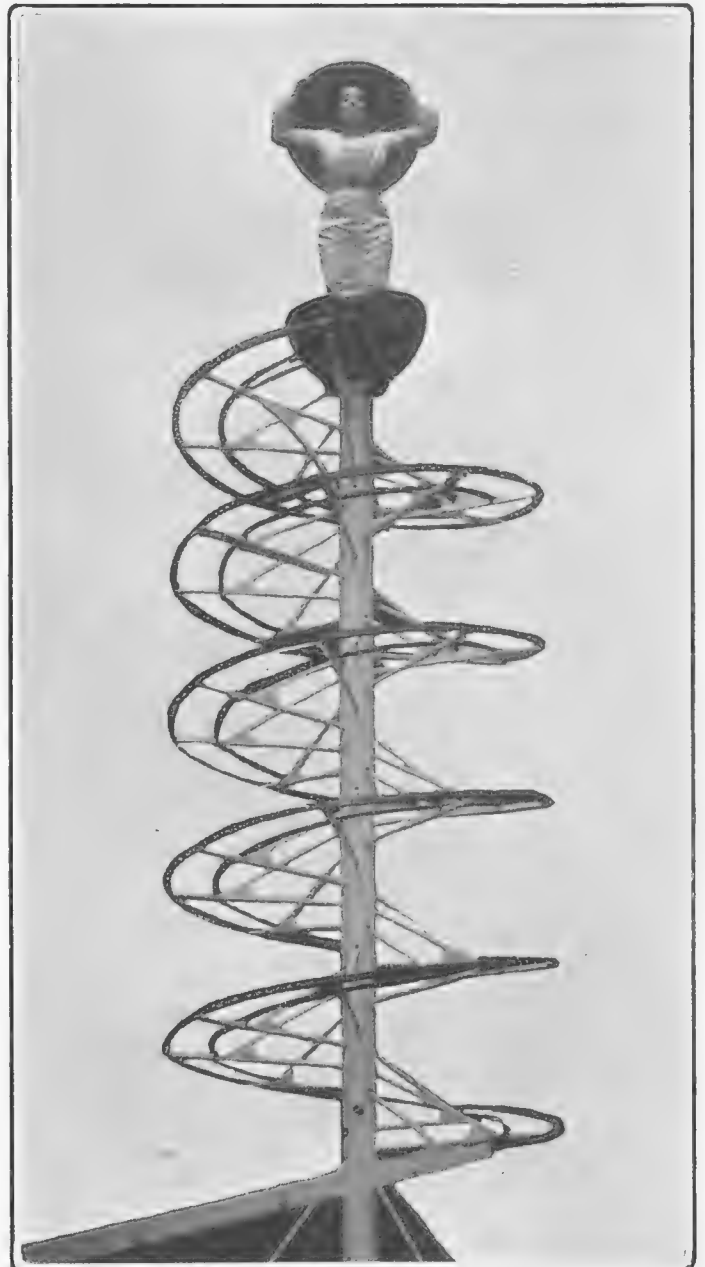
MISS BELLE STONE'S "SPIRAL ACT": THE STEEL GLOBE ASCENDING.

Photograph by J. E. Hunt, North Kensington.

machines up equally steep slopes; but Miss Belle Stone climbs the spiral in a tightly closed steel globe. Taking one half of the ball on her head, Miss Stone steps into the other at the foot of the ascending road. Then, crouching into a wonderfully small space, she screws the two halves together, and slowly but surely the ball winds its way to the top. The descent is, probably, even more difficult, and is naturally a little quicker; but this also is accomplished successfully. No secret wires or any similar contrivances are used. In ascending, Miss Stone throws the whole of her strength forward and revolves the globe on its own axis, and in descending she does exactly the opposite and prevents it from rolling at too great a pace. Miss Stone says that she had the germ of the idea from watching a squirrel in its revolving cage, and, after years of practising in the interior of a tub, she found that, by the aid of her shoulders and elbows, she could manage a hollow sphere from the inside more adroitly than most people could from without. A somewhat similar performance was given some years ago by a clever little Jap when the "Greatest Show on Earth" was drawing the town to West Kensington.

Madame Giron.

Even as Madame Giron, the ex-Princess of Saxony will not be in a hurry to return to the Riviera. From first to last she and M. Giron were pursued with cameras, while Pressmen who had little excuse and sightseers who had not any swarmed round them. For the disturbance in the Casino, I am inclined to think the Princess was a little to be blamed. Even in a place where magnificent costumes are the rule, she attracted attention. She wore a gown of some pale-blue material trimmed with ermine and she was ablaze with jewels. One does not look for perfect manners in Monte Carlo, and, naturally enough, when



MISS BELLE STONE'S "SPIRAL ACT": THE ASCENT ACHIEVED.

Photograph by J. E. Hunt, North Kensington.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Pierrot père Dead. Who that ever saw "L'Enfant Prodigue" in London does not recall Courtes as the *père* Pierrot (writes the Paris correspondent of *The Sketch*)? He was close on the seventies, but he worked till the last at just a living wage. He had amassed a fortune in England and America, but his blind confidence in human nature was his ruin and he was left penniless. He begged to be allowed to appear at the Ambigu, where he was engaged when he had not the strength to think, and he died on the stage he had graced for fifty years.

Historic Football Event. Very great interest will centre in the match to be played at Auteuil this week between teams representing Dulwich College and the French College of Albert le Grand, directed by the Dominican Brothers. The match is due to the visit of the late Père Didon, the Charles Kingsley of the Dominican Order and President of Le Grand Collège at Arceuil. The Père Didon visited England and studied in Public School and University the muscular side of English education. He came back convinced that he had found the real medium for turning out a healthier Frenchman, and he plunged with the scholars into every form of English sport, and on Sundays between Mass and Vespers the College ground was an English village green of olden days. The Reverend Father once told me that he loved all English sports except cricket. That, he admitted, was to him the most incoherent game he had ever seen. Football was his idol. Dulwich will meet the finest school-team in France, and, if they want their names to pass down to history gloriously in this memorable event, they will have to work hard.

Laughter Let Loose. The new farce now at the Nouveautés, "La Famille Bolero," is marvellously laughter-making. So far as I could gather, there is not a grain of plot in it. From start to finish, by no matter what means—and sometimes the means made you pensive—you are compelled to shake your sides. Since the "Hôtel de Libre Echange" I have seen nothing to equal it. It is hardly worth adding that Mdlle. Cassive was in gayer humour than she has ever been before.

Is the Opéra in Danger? A world's citizen arriving in Paris at the present moment might imagine that by error he had got out at St. Ouen. Round the Opéra are trenches a hundred feet deep, and cords and ropes, red danger-lanterns, and torn-up pavements that suggest a siege. It is only the Metropolitan, which is laying down three lines one on the top of the other, with the terminus on the Place de l'Opéra. This is in itself bad enough, for it cripples the commerce of the whole American Quarter, but the authorities of the Opéra are nervous. Only the breadth of the pavement divides Garnier's masterpiece from the railway, and they fear the effect of the vibration. It will surprise many English tourists to learn that the Opéra is more or less a Venetian structure. A river runs under it, and its support is derived from huge piles driven into its bed. What might happen in the case of a perpetual vibration is regarded as a serious question. With the Grand Palais in the Champs-Élysées, which continues to crack up, Paris is none too lucky with her public monuments.

The "Pari-Mutuel." The completely depleted state of the French coffers has led the Cabinet to decide upon putting another one per cent. on the "Pari-Mutuel" betting. This makes eleven francs on every hundred, which is ruinous, for in time the "Mutuel" will swallow all the money that is available for gaming. I don't think I have ever told the story of how the tax on the "Pari-Mutuel" occurred. The theatrical managers met and declared that the ten per cent. on their gross takings for the Poor Tax was ruining them. Jean Oller, of the Moulin Rouge, had a brilliant idea, and he was sent off in the name of the Society to see Constans, then Minister of the Interior. Constans said that if Oller could suggest another tax he would be glad to let the theatres go

free. Oller proudly replied, "The Pari-Mutuel!" "An excellent idea," said the somewhat unscrupulous Minister. Forthwith the "Pari-Mutuel" was taxed, and the theatres remained as before.

The Students. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has decided to put Pierre Decourcelle's "Werther" into active rehearsal. I certainly sympathise with her in the organised attack of the Latin Quarter students on her production of "Andromaque." These precocious lads felt that Racine called upon them to avenge his reputation. Accordingly, they went nightly to hiss down her version of Hermione. Madame Sarah asked them to explain why, but they were vague, as may be imagined. I am informed it is simply the aftermath of her tour in Germany, which was bitterly resented on the *rive gauche*.

Millions on Wheels. The Paris-Madrid race in May will entirely eclipse either the Paris-Berlin or Vienna. There are two hundred and forty entered, and the value of the machines in the race amounts to five million francs. Most of them have been built solely for this course, and three have cost between £2500 and £3000 apiece. Mr. Edge has drawn eighty-seven, and Fournier, his great rival, will start three before him. Among the ladies I notice the Paris-Berlin heroine, Madame de Gaste, and Bob Walter of old-time serpentine-dancing fame, but now the proprietress of a flourishing motor establishment in the Avenue de la Grande Armée.



MDLLE. TABER, PUPIL OF THE CONSERVATOIRE.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

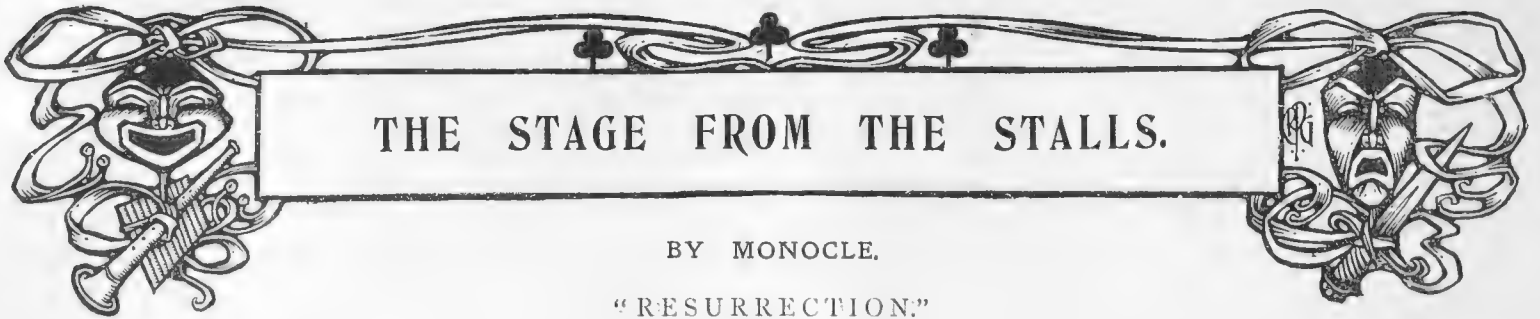
The Pope's Cuirassiers. All who have been to Rome and have seen

the Papal Swiss Guards within the Vatican will have noticed what strange though picturesque uniforms they wear: if described in ordinary conversation to an intelligent listener in sufficiently accurate language, that listener would immediately jump to the conclusion that he was being fooled, for to him the idea of a solemn Guard of Honour being dressed literally in a patchwork of various colours would appear too ridiculous. This year, however (writes my Rome Correspondent), the uniform will be rendered still more antique on the occasion of the close of the Papal Jubilee by the addition of the original armour and helmets used in olden time.

The Anglo-American Nursing Home. A delightful entertainment, in the shape of a representation of "Oberon and Titania" by little children, was given last week at the American Embassy, the Queen of Italy being an interested

spectator. It was in aid of a most deserving institution called the Anglo-American Nursing Home. This Home provides nursing for those who suddenly fall ill while in hotels, *pensions*, or apartments, and are unable to procure for themselves proper attendance. There is nothing more wretched to experience than suddenly to fall a victim to a serious illness when alone in a foreign city; satisfactory attendance is in these cases always most difficult to obtain. The Rome Nursing Home, which is under the patronage of the British and American Ambassadors, was founded three years ago, and has met with most ready support, so much so, indeed, that even in its third year it became self-supporting.

The Italian Chamber. An amusing incident occurred this week during a heated discussion in the Italian Chamber. Signor Martelli was hammering away for dear life in a very uninteresting and drawn-out speech against the evils of a standing Army, when suddenly a cry of "A bomb! A bomb!" was heard on all sides. Members sprang to their feet in fear and excitement. The "bomb," however, turned out to be nothing more dangerous than a Deputy's top-hat which had fallen from one of the galleries into the room below. The Italian Chamber does not rival the Vienna Chamber for rowdiness, but it cannot exactly be called peaceful. The Press representatives have it very much their own way, and hiss and howl at will if any speaker voices sentiments displeasing to them.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"RESURRECTION."

"RESURRECTION" may not seem a very pretentious name for Tolstoy's novel, but is a fatuously ambitious title for the piece adapted from it. There is an undoubted connection between the piece and the book; and yet, in a sense, no relation. One might just as well call one of the little wooden figures from a child's Noah's Ark an elephant founded on Nature's elephantine efforts as allege that the new drama is founded on Tolstoy's novel. There is a general resemblance superficially as regards two chief characters, some phrases are taken from the book, and many of the *dramatis personæ* have unpronounceable names, identical with those of the people in the Russian author's indictment of European civilisation. Here the relation ends. Of the crusade against militarism nothing is to be found, save the fact that the wicked Nehludof wears an officer's uniform in the first Act and afterwards appears to be an ordinary, or, perhaps, extraordinary, civilian. The fact that brutalities are practised in the prison and on the march is not more connected with the military than with the police. The onslaught upon the judicial system is merely exhibited in the farcical discussion of a Jury, displaying in a strained fashion the ordinary weaknesses of jurors. The impeachment of Society—with a big "S"—is lost sight of, and instead of the calculating little baggage who, in the novel, is trying to hook the Prince for a husband, we have a charming young woman, delightfully presented by Miss Miriam Clements, who is unselfish and sympathetic, with lofty ideas of self-sacrifice. No doubt, there is something of the thousandth-time told tale of prison barbarity which has figured in every Russian play that I can recollect. Moreover, the sex question is handled unpleasantly and not very effectively, and here only the play approaches the novel; but the book, on the other hand, reproaches the play, because it can only hint and suggest matters best handled brutally or left alone. So, after all, whilst some people call the drama a sermon, by way of condemnation or admiration, at the most it is a sermon on one text out of the many in the novel, and it is not preached very vigorously.

There is a story concerning Dr. Johnson that I give from memory, in which he expressed regret that some useless performance, admired as being very difficult, was not quite impossible: it came into my mind when I heard people saying that it was quite surprising that MM. Henry Bataille and Michael Morton had succeeded in giving so much of the book as they did. One may call it a failure to represent the novel; but not a splendid failure; and the audience, which grew rather cold towards the close, must have gone away talking of the mouse born of the mountain, or speaking of much cry and little drama. Apart from its claims to be extraordinary, the piece deserves substantial praise. For much of the dialogue, including many phrases from Tolstoy, is dignified and effective, several scenes are really powerful; and there is evidence of an effort to aim high. The first Act went very well, and the picture of the Russian peasants' celebration of Easter, with the music—which seemed to have been born the czardas—and singing, was quite charming. The dramatic aspect was not altogether satisfactory, since Katusha's behaviour showed a startling want of discretion, coupled with a full knowledge of the impropriety of her conduct, that might well have caused the Prince to doubt whether he was her first lover. Ten years passed, and the Jury scene came: it was decidedly diverting, even if a little exaggerated in humour.

All the characters are neatly drawn and were well played, particularly by Mr. Lionel Brough and Messrs. Chamier and Stanmore. It is noteworthy that the audience has no means of knowing whether Katusha was guilty or innocent, and that the playwrights had to dispense with the technical mistake of the Jury which plays a great part in the book. Mr. Tree, who modestly sat with his back to us during the deliberation of the Jury, gave a very striking picture of horror and remorse when left alone to himself and the thought that he was responsible for the fate of Maslova—why the programme says "Katusha, known as *the* Maslova," I cannot tell, since, according to Louise Maude's able translation, Maslova was the girl's real surname. The object of the next scene, from a dramatic point of view, is not obvious; it passes in the drawing-room of a Palace, and instead of showing the efforts of Princess Marie to catch the Prince, it presents him actually engaged to a beautiful girl of a nobly unselfish nature; possibly the idea is to hint that the end of the play really is not gloomy, and that Nehludof, after his repulse by Katusha, will be able to find happiness in wedding the charming Princess—a rather comical gloss on the text that the wages of sin is death. However, the scene was gay and had agreeable little scraps of humour, particularly in the part of

Kolosof, neatly played by Mr. Cecil Rose; whilst Miss Clements' skilful suggestion of suppressed emotion was quite noteworthy.

I wonder whether anybody finds any kind of pleasure from the scenes in the prison and on the march of cruelty to the prisoners. They are always put into this sort of play, and it seems conceivable that this fact may have some connection with the comparative failure of most pieces presenting Russian life given in England. When one has got beyond the obvious humour and pathos of the prison, the big effect of the play comes. It is the scene between the Prince and the girl whom he has ruined. I do not see the necessity for the early part, where Maslova misunderstands the Prince's intentions in a vile way. The play is not of sufficient value to justify such strong, ugly matter, barely comprehensible, I hope, to many of the audience. It is one disadvantage of such a piece that much is puzzling, or even incomprehensible, to those who have not read the book. The scene in question relates to the author's attack on the animalism of the ordinary sensual man and of the system which excuses and even provides for it; but nothing save a few antecedent phrases in the play leads up to this, and they, like the now fashionable appendix, seem merely impertinent relics. To invite people to read a book in order to be able to understand your play is rather daring—one might almost say, impudent. In the present case, the invitation is to read a book which, whilst its morality is unimpeachable and its service to society undeniable, is unfit for perusal by the *jeune fille à marier* not because of the subject it handles, but because of the disgusting character of some of the details. It is one thing to accept the view that innocence and ignorance are not necessarily even friendly terms, and that the young girl ought to know some of the physiology of life, and another to say that "Resurrection" is a fit book for her to read. I think that there is no gain to art or drama from this beginning of a powerful scene, which also involves the absurdity avoided by Tolstoy of causing Katusha to take a long time in recognising Nehludof when left alone with him. Afterwards comes a really strong scene, in which the Prince makes his confession and proposal, and the woman shows her rage and horror; it ends finely as the idea comes to the poor creature that the Prince is really in earnest and that life still promises something to her. The acting of Miss Ashwell in this Act is really remarkable and caused a very great impression. She has had opportunities, before, of showing, with success, a subtler side of her art; here, however, she really distinguished herself by force, indication of character, and emotion. Between the two scenes of the third Act, a great deal happens off the stage; for instance, Katusha becomes a reformed character, and there grows up in her heart a deep, pure, unselfish love for the Prince; indeed, so far as she is concerned, the most important part of the play happens "off." We are accustomed to this in adaptations, but the effect is rather bewildering to those who have not read the novel. Henceforth the play marches straightforward to what, from a theatrical point of view, is a rather lame conclusion, and even the introduction of some new characters in the last Act does not help it much. It may be noted, too, that Mr. Tree and Miss Ashwell, who had acted admirably until the end of the third Act, were ineffective in the last. The very reticence of the writing, a virtue in itself, was against them.

There is a great deal of clever acting which produces little result. This is generally evidence of weak character-drawing. Miss Lily Brayton's Theodosia seems a "nice," bright girl, and no more, which is hardly Tolstoy's view of the character, and not her fault. Mr. Oscar Asche appears insignificant as Simonson, the noble-spirited man who gets a bride whose past has been disgusting, whose love at present belongs to someone else. Mr. Esmond Walls played cleverly as the wicked dispenser, though he omitted the pimples; but one must remember that Miss Lena Ashwell did not push fidelity to the extent of acquiring the squint, to which the mere author of the book attached great importance. Mr. Charles Stuart acted ably as a fatuous officer in the last Act; yet a skilful actor like Mr. Fisher White was unable to make much of the dying Kritzof. There were many others, but they seemed mere phantoms; and one recollects little of the acting clearly, save the ability of Mr. Tree as the debonair young officer of the first Act and the remorse-haunted man of the second and third, and except the power and passion of Miss Ashwell in the prison scene. The scenic effects were noteworthy, and, so far as the material aspect is concerned, I cannot remember any pictures of Russian life so vivid and characteristic; and the music played a valuable part in the entertainment, which, if not remarkable from an artistic point of view, appears likely to interest most playgoers.

"DIE VERSUNKENE GLOCKE" ("THE SUNKEN BELL"),

AS PLAYED AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE.

(For short Synopsis of the Play see Page 234.)



MISS ELSA GADEMANN AS RAUTENDELEIN.



MR. MAX BEHREND AS DER NICKELMANN.



Rautendelein (Miss Elsa Gademann).

Heinrich (Mr. Friedrich Taeger).

Heinrich's Children.

ACT IV. : HEINRICH IS ALMOST OVERCOME BY MADNESS ON PERCEIVING HIS TWO CHILDREN APPROACH THE HUT UTTERLY DESTITUTE AND STARVING. THEY TELL HIM WITH CHILDLIKE SIMPLICITY THAT THEIR MOTHER HAS "GONE TO JOIN THE WATER-LILIES."

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE "Cake Walk" took its time to find its way across the Atlantic, as it was in vogue quite forty years ago in the Southern States of America. It originated in Florida, which is now regarded as the Riviera of the United States, and during the last few years quite a dozen towns in the State of Florida have become pleasure-resorts in consequence of the erection of a chain of palatial, sumptuously appointed hotels at Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Ormond, Palm Beach, Miami, and other desirable points on the east coast of the great Southern State.

Half a century ago, Florida was scantily populated by planters, orange-growers, Seminole Indians, and there was a liberal sprinkling of negroes. The latter did most of the agricultural work of the country, and it is said that they borrowed the idea of their now widely known "Cake Walk" from the war-dances of the Seminoles, a now almost extinct Indian tribe. It seems that these Indians had occasional feasts, with episodes of what might, at a pinch, be called dancing; but, before they flourished their legs madly about, jumping and gyrating with almost acrobatic celerity, they calmly walked in couples for a short time in a procession, and then, at a signal from a chief, they broke forth into hilarious and furious activity. The negroes, as spectators, frequently assisted at these festivities, and in time adapted the walking portion of the Indian programme in their native "barns." The idea grew with them as time went on, and style in walking among them was discussed as a sort of art, and, instead of dancing-schools, classes to be taught "walking with grace and style" were founded. The white planters and masters favoured this idea, as it kept the darkies out of mischief and was an amusing, harmless recreation. The negroes, even in their primitive state, have a natural desire to carry themselves with a certain air of dignity; and they have an innate love of music, as their folk-songs amply attest. The simple art of promenading nicely developed into the "Cake Walk," and prizes were offered for the most accomplished performance in this way. At first, boxes of sweets, "cornets" of chocolates, and plates of ice-cream were the prizes. As the exercises expanded and numerous recruits rallied to the competition, cakes made their appearance, and huge, white-frosted pound-cakes decorated with floral ornaments which would not discredit the atelier of the famous Buszard were conspicuously placed on a raised platform at one end of the apartment for the

THE HISTORY OF THE "CAKE WALK."

competitors to gaze at longingly before they started on their walk. After the prize had been awarded by a jury of four (two men, two women), the cake was cut by the winner and generous slices distributed among the participants. Sometimes, when the finances

would run to it, wine, or, more often, cider or root-beer, accompanied the cake, and the party then proceeded to finish up the evening with Virginia reels, barn-dances, vales, and other saltatory diversions.

Before the "Walk" became conspicuously associated with a big cake (it was the latter that invested it with added importance), the negroes assembled in their ordinary workaday garments, more picturesque than select, and made no special preparations for their festivity. As time went on, and Florida became a fashionable winter-resort for the "white folks from the North," and the wages of the negroes increased by leaps and bounds, they began to dress for their exhibitory walks, as many of the white visitors not only attended as audience, but also contributed handsomely to the cost of the cake. The darkies, who had formerly turned up in slovenly, sometimes tattered attire when the prizes were valueless, now appeared in long-tailed, gun-metal tinted dress, or frock-coats, high-standing collars, flamboyant ties the brightness of which made one almost wink, patent-leather pumps, and other sartorial frivolities. The women no longer assembled in their plain red or blue muslin or calico skirts, but had risen to the dignity of snow-white gowns made *à la Princesse*, with fluffy frills, and bouquets of violets in their girdles, with frequently a second posy at the top of the corsage. The darkey damsel, when she starts embellishing, does not half do it. At a soirée I attended at the handsome hotel called the "Ponce de Leon" at St. Augustine, I heard one girl say to another, "Look at Miss So-and-So" (I didn't catch the name). "She's got on a Parisian wrapper trimmed with electric shocks. See how she vibrates." I glanced at the woman to whom attention was directed, and she certainly was the most coruscating, flashing female I ever beheld out of a Christmas spectacle or an Empire ballet.

From Florida the "Walk" advanced to the North by way of Georgia, the two Carolinas, and Virginia (the home of the 'possum, the 'coon, and the hoe-cake), until it reached the Eastern cities, New York and Boston, where darkies of bounding vitality organised Clubs with champion belts for the best men-walkers and diamond rings for the damsels.

HOWARD PAUL.



THE FIRST "CAKE WALK."—DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



THE CHIEF BREEDS OF BRITISH SHEEP: SOME TYPICAL HEADS.

TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A.,

INTERVIEWED AT THE REQUEST OF READERS OF "THE SKETCH."

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS" we all know, and we are not less well acquainted with "Tom Brown at Oxford."

That Tom Brown was, however, no relation to this Tom Browne, who enjoyed none of the advantages of his not more illustrious namesake. This Tom Browne never went to Oxford in the ordinary way in which a man does go to Oxford, and it would have required an author of more than ordinary imagination to spin his school-days into a volume, for they were decidedly few, so that, if a volume had been written about him, the story would have been a short one. Even in those early days, the desire to be an artist had been felt and had probably been given expression to on the blackboard with a piece of chalk, so far as caricatures of the boys and the masters went.

At eleven, Tom Browne left school, but, instead of carrying a portfolio under his arm as he went to and from some School of Art, he began to carry bonnet-boxes from a shop to the purchaser's house, for the art with which he was concerned was the not too artistic one of millinery. An innate sense of love of mischief soon "got him the sack," and, forswearing hats, he tried his hand at other things, until finally he found himself in the Nottingham Lace Market, where he packed laces of all kinds and carried them about from warehouse to warehouse on a trolley. For a boy of fourteen, an orange must always be a seductive thing. Having, one day, possessed himself of one and disposed of the pulp to his supreme satisfaction, he cast an artistic eye on the golden peel with its snow-white lining, and asked himself why a thing of beauty like that, evidently made for "shying" at another boy's head, should be diverted from its proper use and be thrown in the gutter to, perhaps, cause some old lady to fall, especially when he was not there to enjoy the "fun." He shied the peel, but, like another famous marksman who "shot at the carrion and hit the crow," the missile, instead of hitting the boy aimed at, struck the cashier in the eye, and, as they say in the play-books, "Exit Tom Browne disconsolately" from the lace-maker's warehouse.

Art and the stage have ever been the refuge of those who are supposed to be able to come to no good in the beaten way of business or the noble professions, so once more Tom Browne bethought himself of drawing. He went to an artist, who looked at his work and assured him, in the most emphatic manner possible, that, whatever else he might not become, the one absolutely certain thing that no power on earth, or in heaven for that matter, could ever bring about was his evolution into an artist.

Off then went the juvenile Thomas to a printing firm and bound himself an apprentice for seven years. He had to help design posters and show-cards, and when he was seventeen, though he was working from half-past eight in the morning until seven o'clock at night, he determined to do a little work for the comic papers, on his own account, after he got home at night. Gradually his work began to be accepted, and by the time his articles were out he determined to shake the dust of Nottingham from his feet and see if he could not strike oil in London. Those were the days when the halfpenny comic papers were in their zenith, and he began to draw for all he was worth, designing funny pictures here, inventing comic types there, weaving fancies into smiles, broadening smiles into laughs, until he was contributing seven pages of drawings a-week to as many different papers, in addition to other work destined to make a bid for the better-class journals. When, in time, he began to draw for *The Sketch*, as well as the monthly magazines, he "chucked the cheap stuff" and turned his eyes towards painting, to which he is now able to devote an appreciable portion of his time.

Like so many men who have achieved success as artists, Tom Browne has had little or practically no art-education. True, he was at an Art School for two terms in Nottingham, but the life liked him not,

and he proceeded to dispense with professional tuition and study in his own way. He got together a band of fellow enthusiasts, hired a room over a smelly stable, the windows and floor of which they took it in turns to clean, and began to draw. One night, the model they had arranged for did not turn up.

"It was your turn, Tom, to get the model," said the others, "and, as he hasn't come, you must go out and fetch another." Out into the streets he went—it was raining hard—and, seeing nobody, he, with an innate artistic instinct, made a bee-line for the nearest "pub." There he found a little crowd, with a negro biting bits out of a glass and chewing them for the amusement of the lookers-on. "A fine bit of colour," thought the youthful Tom Browne. He opened negotiations with the ebony-hued son of Africa. "What do you want me for?" asked the man.

"We are a lot of artists, and we want to paint you," was the reply.

"Paint me! How?" asked the negro.

"Paint your head," said the artist.

"Will it come off when you have done?" asked the negro.

When, eventually, his black scruples had been overcome with a dram or two, he went off and was painted. He received his honorarium and promised to return next night, that the pictures might be completed. Perhaps he found chewing glass more profitable or less tiresome, but he never went back any more.

Readers of *The Sketch* are familiar with Tom Browne's Dutch pictures. Holland, in which he has travelled a good deal, has a great fascination for him. There is no story more subtly delightful than that which tells how the mystic influence of Queen Wilhelmina's dominions wove themselves into the imagination and pervaded the fancy of Tom Browne. One day, an artist friend persuaded him to go for a holiday trip to Holland. The glowing pictures he painted of the delights of the country stimulated the imagination of our artist, who forthwith packed his traps and departed. When he arrived in Holland, he opened his eyes in amazement, for he saw nothing he had been told he would see. Was it the result of the sea-voyage on a sensitive nervous organisation, or something else? He found nothing he admired in the scenery. He found nothing he admired in the men. He found nothing he admired in the women. He found nothing he admired in anything. "Where are the pictures that should meet me on every hand?" he asked. He went out for a walk and arrived at

a little inn. He asked for something to eat. The handmaiden offered bread and cheese. He turned up his nose at it. Between nothing, however, and cheese tempered with bread—and it needed a great deal of tempering—he elected for the more substantial fare. Never before in all his life had he met such cheese. Its aroma entered into the inmost recesses of his being. He was transformed. That cheese awakened his soul to the possibilities of the Dutch beauty, to a knowledge of the Dutch character, to an understanding of the Dutch soul. The result readers of *The Sketch* know already, and at the next exhibition of the Royal Institute the Dutch picture seen on his easel on this page will probably be hung.

The halfpenny papers and some others have given him the beautiful house at Blackheath where he lives, and on his lawn he delights to play bowls, or tennis in his field adjoining, as in the country round he delights to bike or ride, while Jack, his rough-haired fox-terrier, accompanies him for the sake of his health. Far prouder than any skill he may possess with a pencil is he of his skill with the cue, and he delights in nothing more than a game of billiards with his friend, Dudley Hardy, to whom he firmly believes he can give twenty-five in a hundred and a beating, though the scoring on the other page tells an even more flattering tale. What Mr. Hardy will have to say to this, however, must be reserved for another occasion.



MR. TOM BROWNE AT WORK UPON HIS PICTURE FOR THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXXIII.—TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A.



"FIRE AWAY! IF IT COMES OUT BADLY, I'LL CARICATURE YOU."



"JUST AS I DID DAN LENO WITH HIS GOOSE. THIS APPEARED ON THE FRONT PAGE OF 'THE SKETCH.'"



"WORK FROM MODELS? CERTAINLY I DO. BUT YOU MUST FIRST SECURE YOUR MODEL."



"THEN THE REST IS CHILD'S PLAY."



"TALKING OF PLAYING, I AM A WONDERFUL PERFORMER ON THE PIANO—WITH MY FEET."



"AS TO BILLIARDS, HERE IS THE RECORD OF A LITTLE GAME I PLAYED WITH DUDLEY HARDY LAST NIGHT."



"WE NOW FIND OURSELVES IN THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS. AH! I'LL BOWL YOU FOR SIXPENCE."



"THIS IS JACK, ANOTHER OF MY MODELS. HE HAS OFTEN FIGURED IN 'THE SKETCH.'"



"WELL, THAT'S ENOUGH WORK FOR A FINE DAY. GIVE MY LOVE TO THE EDITOR."

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XXV.—CORBY CASTLE.

CORBY CASTLE is one of the most beautiful and curious of ancient strongholds in Cumberland. From the modern antiquarian's point of view, it has been overmuch restored and rebuilt, but it would be difficult to find a more beautiful and picturesque situation than that of the house standing on the edge of a lofty, wooded cliff overlooking the Eden.

So beautiful are the grounds of Corby Castle that successive owners of the estate have allowed these to be shown, while jealously guarding from alien eyes the fine and stately apartments of the house itself, though these are filled with interesting mementoes of the past. As to the curious and valuable portraits which are quite a feature of Corby Castle, the most remarkable of these is a full-length portrait of Lord William Howard ("Belted Will"), clothed in armour; and of extraordinary interest to the antiquarian is a square stone, dug out of the ruins of Hyde Abbey, near Winchester, and inscribed "Alfredus Rex," in Saxon letters, which is, of course, supposed to have been the property of Alfred the Great.

The famous "Walks of Corby" were laid out some two hundred years ago, and are extraordinarily fine examples of the landscape-gardening of that day. The walks are above and by the river, and are reached from the Castle by a broad path, arched overhead by spreading branches. Every walk has its own peculiar charm, one showing the cascade, the temple, and a Roman altar placed within a recess formed by an overhanging rock, while from them all exquisite views can be obtained. Local antiquarians are much concerned with the strange excavation called St. Constantine's Cell, or Wetheral Safe-guard. This consists of three rooms and a gallery and is reached by a steep path. The cave, cut from the living rock, is said to date from the days of some Scottish King's younger son, who there lived and died as a pious hermit. To the lover of Nature, the lovely grounds, notably the Turf Walk and the splendid Hanging Woods, are of much more interest than is the excavation, the more so that the visitor to Corby Castle has also an opportunity of visiting the remains of Wetheral Priory, situated just on the other side of the River Eden, and which is close to one of the deepest and finest glens in Cumberland. Indeed, the whole neighbourhood is full of spots noted among artists for their natural beauties.

Corby Castle, in its present form, has nothing in common with the manor granted by Henry II. to a certain Hubert de Vallibus.

Thenceforward, for some hundreds of years, the estate was known as Corkebye. It gradually became transformed into Corby, and was already so written when it was purchased by "Belted Will," who left it to his second son, from whom the present owner, Mr. Philip Howard, is descended. The Howards of Corby can boast of quite as great an antiquity as can every other branch of this famous Northern family, and it is an interesting fact that the Howards of Corby have remained faithful to the ancient faith; indeed, at Mr. Philip Howard's other estate, Foxcote, in Warwickshire, they have one of the most beautiful Roman Catholic private chapels in the kingdom, and no doubt

some such addition will be made at Corby Castle, the more so that, whereas till lately the estate was let to successive tenants, the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Howard, the latter a member of the Roman Catholic family of Maxwell, have lately once more taken up their residence there.

Corby Castle has, among other claims to fame, that of possessing one of the most authenticated and interesting of ghosts, "The Radiant Boy," who has been seen many times and who is much famed among those interested in such matters. "The Radiant Boy" is said to appear only to those destined to die violent deaths by their own hands, and it is certainly on record that one of those to whom he appeared at Corby was the famous "Carotid-cutting Castlereagh." The ghost has, however, certainly been seen by those who met with a happier fate. The apparition appears in a room forming part of the oldest portion of the Castle, that joining a tower originally built by the Romans for defence.

There does not seem to be any record as to who "The Radiant Boy" originally was or why he has chosen Corby as the scene of his appearances.

There are many great Cumberland estates famed for their shooting and fishing, but few can rival Corby in either branch of sport, the fishing in those reaches of the Eden which belong to Mr. Howard being thought by some of the disciples of Izaak Walton to be quite the best in the North of England.

Corby Castle has more than once been the appanage of an heiress; indeed, very early in its history it so passed into the possession of a noble family.

Mr. Howard of Corby's only child, Miss Mary Ursula Howard, was married, three years ago, to the only son and heir of Sir John Lawson, of Brough Hall, Catterick, Yorkshire.



CORBY CASTLE: A PART OF THE GROUNDS.

Photograph by G. Hastings.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



CORBY CASTLE, THE CUMBERLAND SEAT OF MR. PHILIP J. C. HOWARD.



A DISTANT VIEW OF CORBY CASTLE.

Photographs by G. Hastings.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONE of the two novels being prepared by Lucas Malet is entitled "The Book of the Wisdom of Damaris." I understand that Lucas Malet thinks the books not suitable for serial publication, and accordingly they will make their first appearance in volume form. This raises an interesting question. Editors testify with increasing unanimity that the serials which maintain and increase the circulation of their periodicals must be written as serials—that is, they must be divided into parts and each part must end with a curtain. Novelists say that to do this is to spoil the book. A popular novelist, however, sacrifices so much by giving up serial publication that I fancy a way out of the difficulty will be found.

Authors and publishers will discover much to edify them in the sumptuous volumes written by Viscount Goschen and published by Mr. Murray on Georg Joachim Goschen, publisher and printer. Viscount Goschen has done his work well, in a simple and unpretentious style. German authors and publishers in the eighteenth century were wonderfully like English authors in the twentieth century. They loved, quarrelled, suspected, and forgave as they do now. But in those days publishers seem to have resented the desertion of an author much more keenly than they do now. The chief story in Viscount Goschen's book is that of the estrangement between Schiller and Goschen on Schiller's giving a book to another publisher, Cotta. Goschen had a violent interview with Cotta, and Cotta affirms that "he said the bitterest and most wounding things about my character, the upshot being that, as a man of business, he could very well stand my securing this undertaking, but that it was base of me to have insinuated myself between two friends and to have severed the bonds of friendship which he held so sacred, and thus to have brought you to the point of retracting your given word." Nowadays, publishers have learned to take these incidents much more calmly. Authors accept the best offer, as a rule, whoever gives it. Once upon a time, and not very long ago, the more reputable publishers did not interfere with the authors of rival firms, but now each holds himself entitled to approach any writer just as he pleases.

What strikes me most in the record of Goschen's life was his extraordinary enterprise. It was an enterprise that went very near to recklessness. Imagine a publisher issuing simultaneously four separate editions of Wieland's works, extending over thirty volumes! Goschen never had a large capital, and his life was one constant effort, one unbroken struggle. But to the last he went on with his spirited policy. Very near the end of his career he issued a translation into German of the whole of Shakspeare's dramatic works. Many years before, he had declined the famous rendering of A. W. Schlegel, which then held the field, and by this time there were three rival versions in the market. Goschen could have had hardly any hope of literary

successes, and yet he published two separate editions, each comprising nineteen volumes. He also published an Atlas of Europe and the Colonies, in which he sank some sixteen thousand thalers, while the receipts scarcely covered the cost of printing.

General James Grant Wilson has completed a work which is likely to prove of great interest to Thackeray lovers. It deals with Thackeray in the United States, and will contain a number of facsimile letters never before reproduced, containing delightful pen-and-ink drawings by Doyle and Thackeray.

Mr. George D. Sproul, publisher of the "Millionaire Edition" of Dickens's works, has in contemplation a similar edition of Thackeray, which will run to about fifty volumes. He is also, I understand, preparing a superb edition of Shakspeare, illustrated by the greatest living artists.

Mr. Albert Vandam, the author of "My Paris Notebook," has in the press a new volume, entitled "Men and Manners of the Third Republic."

Mr. Zangwill has almost ready for publication a new volume of short stories, which will be issued under the title of "The Grey Wig."

Miss Wilkins—whose name, by the way, now appears on the title-page as Mary E. Wilkins Freeman—has another new book ready for publication this spring. It is entitled "Six Trees," and is a collection of sketches in her early manner in which are depicted the associations of the New England trees with the life of the people.

I think I have said before that Mr. Le Queux is one of those reliable writers whose work is never uninteresting. If you take up a novel with his name on the title-page, you expect thrills and—you get thrills. Some of his stories are, of course, more absorbing, more thrilling than others, but he is never commonplace, never uninteresting. Mr. Le Queux is always,

above all things, readable. His latest novel, "The Seven Secrets" (Hutchinson); is no exception to the rule. It is the old-fashioned detective novel pure and simple, but the mystery is excellently mysterious, the plots and counterplots admirably contrived to hold the reader's interest and attention. It contains every essential element of a successful sensational story, including the remarkable amateur detective. It is a book you finish at a sitting.

Italy is preparing for a great national festival on July 20, the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Petrarch.

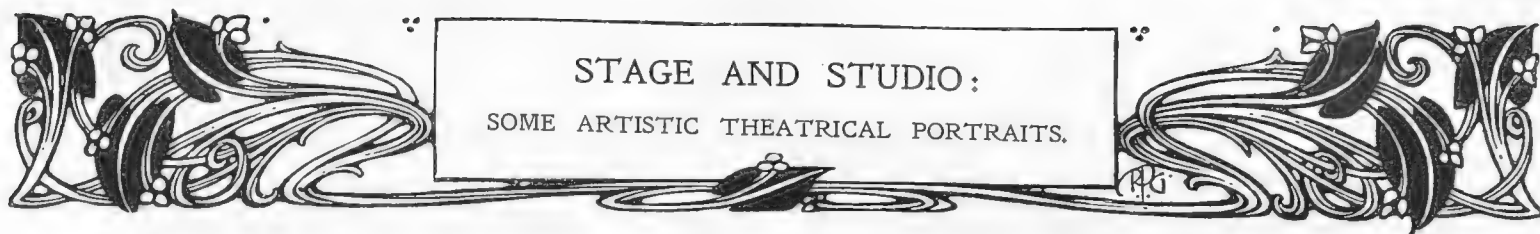
Mr. Henry James has nearly completed his Life of Story, the sculptor and poet, which Messrs. Blackwood hope to publish very shortly.

Mr. Grant Richards will issue in the near future a new popular biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Mr. J. A. Hammerton.—O. O.



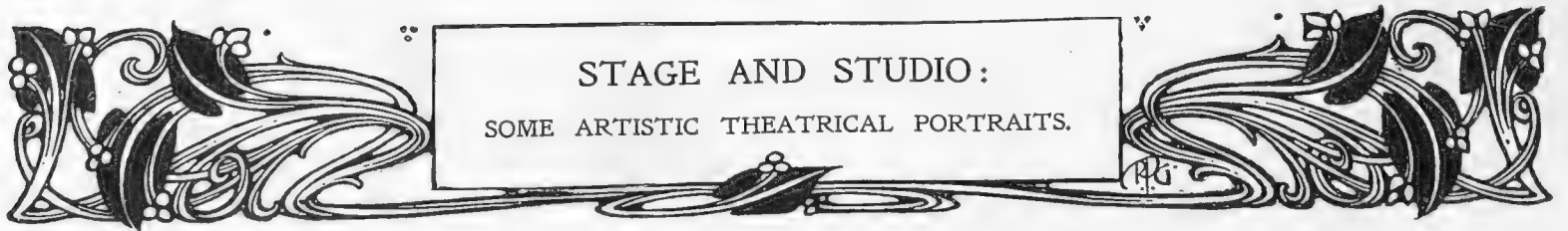
A CORNISH FISHERMAN.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



MISS GRACE PALOTTA, WHO HAS RECENTLY RETURNED FROM AUSTRALIA

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



STAGE AND STUDIO:
SOME ARTISTIC THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.



MISS LILY BURNS IN "QUALITY STREET," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

STAGE AND STUDIO:
SOME ARTISTIC THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.



MISS GRACE LANE AS LADY MARY CARLISLE IN "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE," AT THE COMEDY.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

THREE NEW BOOKS.

"F. C. G.'s' FROISSART, 1902."

By F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.
(*T. Fisher Unwin*, 3s. 6d.)

Now in the latter day there arose many scribes and skilful limners whose task it was to pourtray the actes and deedes of men famous in affairs and in state craft. Howbeit none for wit and invention could come nigh unto a certayne worthy knight hight Sir Carruthers de Gould, who was chronicler and limner unto the Gazette that is of Westminster. Now on a day it befell that, as Sir Carruthers took his walks hard by the banks of Thames and the Palace of Westminster, there fell on him the mantle of old puissant Sir John de Froissart, and he marvelled, saying, "Here now is somewhat that fitteth me to a 'T.' Go to, I will conceive of the men of to-day as though they were of yesterday and thus figure them. And although they, even as I, wear the habit of yesterday, yet, because they are of to-day, thus shall I purge me of the deadly sin in a chronicler of being what they of this generation call 'out-of-date.' For they have but one god and 'Up-to-date' is his prophet." Then Sir Carruthers took him his inkhorn and pens and fine parchment, and set forth fairly the doings of Sir Arthur de Balfour, Sir Cawmell de Bannerman, Sir John de Morlaix, Sir Joseph de Birmingham, and the Earl of Durdans, to the end that all men of whatsoever party laughed loudly and cried, "Bravo! bravo!" Whereat Sir Carruthers took heart of grace and gat him again to Master Unwin, his booke-seller, saying, "Lo, since the former essaye hath so approved itself, wherefore not a second?" "In good sooth," said Master Unwin, "so be it. Right gladly will I adventure the sequins." Wherefore Sir Carruthers hath now set forth the true tale of how Sir Cawmell ate on a day with the Earl of Durdans and spake right cheerily of the weather and of things of small import, and how they twain could nowise agree to dwell together in the Tabernacle. Likewise he doth relate how Hugh of Hatfield designed a school abutting cunningly on the Church how the King came at length to his sacring, how William of Almaine visited his kinsman and shot puisantly at the faisans with the cross-bow, how Sir Joseph de Birmingham reasoned with von Bülow, how he journeyed in Africa for a space, and how Sir Jesse de Collings gat him sadly back to his three acres and his cow, and last of all, how the Archbishop died and was mourned for a stout and valiant soldier of the Church. And thus Sir Carruthers hath once more made a book wherein all men that read will take true pleasure and account it rare pastime.

"FERELITH."

By LORD KILMARNOCK.
(*Hutchinson*, 6s.)

Lord Kilmarnock has partially disarmed criticism by crediting the child of a village blacksmith and the daughter of a farm-labourer with the actual writing of the life-story of "Ferelith," but he allows her to assume that she has attained to "considerable facility with her pen," and that she has "an appreciation of style," a laying of flattering unction to the soul that is certainly not justified. Crudity is manifest throughout the narrative, as witness the sentence: "I was continually noticing this peculiarity of my brother's that I have mentioned, his overwhelming desire to stand on an equal footing with a set of people he inwardly despised." Indeed, the book as a whole suggests nothing more inspiring than the toy-theatre of our nursery-days, with its woefully wooden characters moved by woefully apparent wires. William Brambles, "rich to the eye, and prosperous"; Lord Sidlaw, "the last and most degenerate offspring of an ancient and honourable house"; the Lady Ferelith, "like

some enchanted and ethereal cloud-fleck wafted along on invisible breath, and forming no part of the world of tangible and animate things"; Lord Gowrie's amorous ancestor, who has a face "devoid of morality, set and lined with the depth of crime, capable of anything, hungry, insatiable, seamed with passion, black as night," and who "walks o' nights"; and Ferelith's daughter, whose pallor is "positively unearthly in its diaphanous whiteness," all fall into the same category—the spirits are as unreal as the mortals, the mortals as the spirits. The plot of "Ferelith" can only be described as extraordinary. When the fiction-writer who merely dabbles in the spiritualistic and in questions of heredity is deemed daring, what can be said of an author who weds his already married heroine to a ghost, and describes the child of the union as "half-spirit, born of woman indeed, but with a wrath for a father, and strongly imbued with his characteristics"? It is to be feared that only the most persevering will read beyond the first few chapters of Lord Kilmarnock's novel.

"THE SQUIREEN."

By SHAN F. BULLOCK.
(*Methuen*, 6s.)

In spite of its sadness, "The Squireen" is a book of fine refreshment, and the author has contrived to handle the unlovelier aspects of the Ulster peasantry with such admirable humanity that the better traits are in no way overlooked. In the

Protestant parish of Gorteen, a community of thrifty, industrious farmers, dwelt the Squireen, Martin Hynes of Hillside, handsome, popular, reckless, five-and-thirty, and, when the story opens, almost bankrupt. Marry he must for money, so he throws over Kate Trant, the school-mistress, and chooses Jane Fallon, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. In this, Martin betrays a brutality that comes perilously near alienating the reader's sympathy, but poetical justice follows in due time. To those unacquainted with the sheer business of Irish match-makings, Martin's conduct at the family conclave where Jane is sold may seem sufficient to put him out of the girl's favour for good and all. "Make it guineas and I take the heifer," are words that few women would



SIR JOSEPH DE BIRMINGHAM GOETH TO GUILDHALL.

Reproduced by permission from "F. C. G.'s' Froissart's Modern Chronicles, 1902." (*T. Fisher Unwin*.)

forgive in a wooer; but Jane loved the man who loved only her money, his personality was overwhelming, and she yielded after a struggle. Then came for her a period of strange happiness during which she showed a new face to the world, and Martin, leaving his wild ways, began to do justice to his heritage. But the death of the child destroyed the illusion, and the Squireen returned to his former self. Estrangement followed, then a fierce revival of old passion, righteously repelled by the forsaken Kate, and, after that, *débâcle*. The psychology is curious, the motives balanced on a razor-edge, but, taking the characters as we find them, the weight of probability inclines in favour of the narrative. But it must be confessed that there are moments when Mr. Bullock, with all his charm, strains the patience of his reader, who is inclined to the opinion that Jane ought not to have married the Squireen. Yet, against her disillusionment must be set her passion, her father's will, and the masterful manhood of Hynes. Readers must discover for themselves the inevitable terrible ending. It is a story of an emotional people; and, as such, must not be judged by too strict logic. The characterisation is adequate and well defined, "the Mother" a perfect figure, the descriptions of Nature intensely well "seen," but the great lack of this Irish story is humour. The Irish dialect, too, bears none of the conventional hall-marks, but for that we have reason to be grateful.

CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



X.—KING HENRY VIII.

"O BEAUTY, TILL NOW I NEVER KNEW THEE!"

(Music. Dance.)

LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING



IV.—“THE SEARCHERS.”

AN IRISH LULLABY.

BY NORA CHESSON.



*O, go to sleep, you rogue of rogues,
And I'll give you a pair of fairy brogues;
They were clouted under a windy dawn
By the fairy fingers of Leprechaun.*

*As brown as a withered leaf sat he
Under the shade of a hawthorn tree;
A weeshy man in an old green coat,
With the voice of a blackbird in his throat.*

*He tills no fields and he has no house,
But he's always handy to hawthorn boughs;
While the fairy shoes he makes or mends,
For he and the hawthorn are faithful friends.*

*I heard his hammer one morn of May
Over the hills and far away,
And followed after the tinkling tone,
And found my Leprechaun bird—alone.*

*A fairy gift had I come to choose?
I asked for a pair of fairy shoes.*

*"I make them out of the autumn leaves
Whose red drift crackles on frosty eves.*

*"The feet that wear them shall never tire,
And never be bogged in the oozy mire,
If they go star-following night and day
Over the hills and far away."*

*I took the shoes from his hand, and here
They wait the minute you awaken, dear;
They'll serve by day and they'll serve by night,
Through summer scarlet and winter white.*

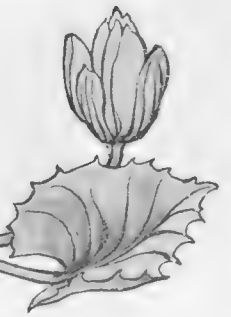
*So, collech dhas or colleen dhu,
Go dream of the shoes that were made for you
Under the arch of a windy dawn
By the fairy fingers of Leprechaun.*

[Drawn by John Hassall.]

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AUNT JANE.

By JOHN WORNE.



'Anything exciting in your letters this morning, dear?'

"Well, I don't know," said Lucy; "here's a letter from Aunt Jane."

"Aunt Jane? Did I ever meet Aunt Jane before we married?" Lucy got up and went round the breakfast-table, looking troubled.

"Tom, dear, you remember that day you asked me to be your wife?"

"Yes," he replied. "Why, what's the matter?"

"You remember I said I had an awful sin to confess—a past, a present, and a future; something you might never be able to forgive?"

"Yes. I wouldn't listen." He put his arm round her.

"Well, it was—it was Aunt Jane."

"Great Scott!" he replied. "Was it as bad as that? But I don't remember having heard of her."

"No, I kept her away—in a cupboard. I know it was wrong of me. She didn't write, to congratulate, or anything, even on our wedding-day, so I thought it might be all right. I quite hoped she would never forgive me, or I would have told you before, I really would."

"Well, well," he said, "it can't be helped! Who is she, and what does she do?"

"She pays visits, chiefly. And she says here that she may forgive me."

"She hasn't actually done so?"

"No."

"Then why despair?" He cheered up.

"No, but she says that, though I *have* married an abominable man—"

"You mean to say you've never told her you've married an angel?"

"No. Would it be quite true?" she asked, simply.

"Only three months married, and you ask that?"

"Well, she says that, in spite of it, she won't be too hard on me till she has seen you herself; that she thinks it a great mistake that young wives should ever be left alone with their husbands; that I shall always find her house a refuge and asylum when I want it—"

"Asylum!" he echoed. "Oh, is *that* the trouble?"

"I don't think she means that exactly," said Lucy; "but listen—this is the last sentence, 'I feel that I ought to do all I can to brighten your life, so I will come on Wednesday to stay a week or two.' Aunt Jane's invitations always were so indefinite. She always left a loophole for remaining." Lucy put the letter down and sighed. "Only once that I can remember did she go within a month of the time that she came for, and then it was because Willy broke out all over in spots. She always had a horror of anything with spots ever since her gardener was eaten by a leopard."

"To-day is Wednesday," said Tom, gloomily.

"Darling," she cried, "I shall never forgive myself for bringing this upon you!"

"It's not your fault altogether," he replied; "few of us can choose our aunts."

"Oh, there's a postscript!" she exclaimed. "'Of course, the length of my visit will depend on the character of the man who has deluded you.'"

"Humph!" said Tom, "that's ambiguous. Will she go because I'm good and she can trust you to me, or because I'm bad and she can't stand me?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lucy. "Oh, here's another postscript, 'You will kindly remember my weakness for a hot-water bottle!'"

"That throws no light," he said. "What am I to do?"

"Never mind, darling; we must bear it together."

He clasped her fondly in his arms.

"Would you still have married me," she asked, timidly, "if you had known of this dreadful thing?"

"Yes, dear," he replied, with emotion. "I am as bad as you are ;

you have yet to meet my Uncle George." And he hurried off to his work with guilty haste, before she could ask any questions.

Aunt Jane arrived as threatened, punctually a quarter of an hour late. She was always a quarter of an hour late, on principle. It arose out of a dislike for being kept waiting when asked out to dinner, for instance, and rapidly spread over the whole of her movements, owing to her morbid passion for regularity. To be late for breakfast and in time for lunch upset her for a week, so she was scrupulously late for everything. This was annoying, unless you knew her and allowed for it; but so were most of the things Aunt Jane did. She was small, but enjoyed a deep bass voice.

"Ah, my *poor* child," was her greeting, "how ill you are looking!"

"I didn't know it," said Lucy, meekly.

"Never mind, never mind; you've nobody to blame but yourself, and you've got to make the best of it. Give me some tea, child."

She folded her veil and sat down, with an expression of pity.

"Put the sugar in first, then the tea, and then count five slowly before adding the milk."

"Yes, Aunt." Long habit had taught absolute submission.

"And now tell me," said Aunt Jane, after a few minutes' general conversation, "does he yet use actual violence to you?"

Lucy looked at her in astonishment.

"Don't be afraid to tell me all, child; always tell all the truth to your doctor and your aunt. I have come here to cheer you up."

"I don't understand what you mean, Aunt."

"I quite see that you are entirely at the mercy of this man; but, of course, though I sympathise, I can't forget that you ran into it with your eyes open. Your mother did just the same, poor dear!"

"Mother had nothing to make her unhappy," said Lucy, indignantly.

"Ah, temper, temper! No, my child, I know better; I see below the surface. Trust an old woman's instinct for that. Now, don't lose your temper. You are doing so rapidly, my poor child. I don't say that you haven't plenty to try it sorely in your new life."

With much more of this, Lucy felt that she would become hysterical. Tom was not due home for two or three hours.

The old lady chattered on cheerfully.

"You think you're happy, but I know better, poor thing. I see from your looks, from your manner, that you are utterly miserable. Now, confess, haven't I guessed right?"

"I'm—I'm perfectly happy," groaned Lucy, dismally. "I mean, I was till—till—"

"Till you came," was what she wanted to say, but her courage failed.

"Till you married!" said Aunt Jane, triumphantly. "Didn't I say so?"

The manner of Aunt Jane had a curiously quelling effect upon all who allowed themselves to be brought under its spell. Having extracted this admission, she followed up her success by a skilful cross-examination, which reduced the poor girl to tears, and almost persuaded her that her husband was the most brutal scoundrel on earth. Every little instance of his irritability, every little protest, however gentle, about lateness of breakfast or toughness of beef, was dragged out of her by tortuous means, carefully exaggerated and embellished with details supplied from Aunt Jane's own instinct, and fitted into its place in an elaborate and highly coloured mosaic of perfect villainy. And when it was done, so difficult was it to distinguish fact from fancy that Lucy was wondering how on earth she could ever have married the man at all.

"And now, my dear," said Aunt Jane, "to follow up your suggestion that he is concealing something far worse than all this"—Lucy had never suggested anything of the kind, but she saw now how probable it was—"just tell me fully anything he may have confided to you and any suspicions you may have that he is keeping anything back. There should be no secrets between a man and his wife's aunt."

"No, Aunt," said Lucy, struggling with her tears; "I quite agree."

"For instance, does he receive letters which he doesn't allow you to look at?"

"I—I—don't know; I never asked him," she sobbed.

"Poor child—poor, simple child! As if he would confess it! The very fact that he says nothing about those letters ought to have put you on your guard. He always gets down to breakfast before you, I'll be bound, and gloats over them in secret, eh?"

"Y—yes, he does usually; but—but—I don't know about the gloating." She dried her eyes between each word.

"No; the housemaid would see that."

"I sup—suppose she would."

"And doesn't it strike you as suspicious that the housemaid hasn't told you about it? Looks like a conspiracy, doesn't it, eh?"

Lucy clenched her hands and said she ought to have suspected it, it was so obvious.

"Ah, my poor child, the obvious is so seldom visible! I find that people very often miss what to me is as clear as daylight."

Aunt Jane had never been on a scent so hot.

"And have you access to all cupboards, drawers, safes?"

"I—I—think so," was the faltering reply.

"Think so!" exclaimed Aunt Jane. "That's a pretty state of mind for a wife. Take me to his study at once! Am I not his wife's aunt?"

This was said because Lucy seemed to hesitate. Together they went to the study. Aunt Jane sniffed contemptuously.

"Smoke!" she snorted. "He smokes?"

Lucy admitted it.

"And drinks, I've no doubt?"

"Y—yes, I'm afraid so."

"And plays cards?"

"I—I—think so, a little."

"Poor dear, poor dear! What more do you want? Now show me this secret drawer you were complaining of." She hadn't complained of any, but pulled the handles of several and at last found one that wouldn't open.

"There you are!" came the triumphant cry. "Have you ever seen inside that?"

Lucy couldn't remember that she had or had ever wanted to.

"Doesn't it all fit in wonderfully?" said Aunt Jane. "In there lie the letters over which he and the housemaid gloat in the early morning!"

Lucy saw it all clearly.

"And I've no doubt that there have been times when he has told you, with a pretence of sympathy, not to be in a hurry to get up?"

Lucy did remember one or two instances, when she had a slight cold. Aunt Jane chuckled.

"I never met a married couple yet who oughtn't to be divorced at once," she said. "This must be finally settled this evening, and I will stay by your side till he gives a satisfactory explanation. He never will: it won't bear explanation."

"I am very grateful to you, Aunt," said Lucy.

"Show me my room, poor thing; I always take a rest before dinner."

"I am sure you must require it," said Lucy, leading the way upstairs.

"And mind," said Aunt Jane at the door, "not a word to him about this till I tackle him; you would only put him on his guard and give him an opportunity of destroying the only evidence we have."

"I will not mention it," said Lucy, humbly.

When Tom came in, he was not met at the door, as usual, by his wife. He thought it strange, but supposed she was looking after her guest. When he came down to the drawing-room, punctually, Lucy was alone there, looking gloomily into the fire. She did not turn on his entrance.

"Well, my dear," he said, cheerily, "has our sin come home to us?"

"If you mean," replied Lucy, with hauteur, "has my dear Aunt Jane arrived, she has."

"That's what I meant," he said, a little surprised. "And am I to be a model or an awful example?"

"It is not necessary for me to teach you to wear the cloak of hypocrisy," she replied, with tears coming to her eyes.

He raised his eyebrows. "Why, what on earth—what's the matter, dear?"

He tried to kiss her, but she drew away from him. She was sobbing bitterly.

"You ask me," she said, "you, with all those—with all that——"

She nearly flung the guilty letters in his teeth, but remembered her aunt's warning just in time.

"With all those what?" he asked, bewildered. But not another word could he get from her, and he was standing looking at her with an expression of utter amazement when Aunt Jane sailed in, a quarter of an hour late. She required no introduction.

"You are the man, I suppose?" she said, with a snap of the teeth. He bowed.

"How do you do, Aunt Jane?" he said. "I hope you had a pleasant journey."

"So-so. No thanks to you!"

"Dear Aunt Jane," he said, softly, "I wired to the porters to be polite." It was clear that he did not take her seriously, and Lucy was indignant.

"I hear," said Aunt Jane, as they settled round the dinner-table, "that you are a lawyer?"

"I am," said Tom.

"Never could stand lawyers," she went on; "a nasty, deceitful lot of serpents."

"Indeed they are," said Tom, "loathly, crawling creatures." He shook his head solemnly.

Being unable to put the case more strongly, Aunt Jane found herself unexpectedly with nothing more to say. So she turned, with pity in her voice, to Lucy.

"My dear, I wonder you allow your cook to stay in the house."

"Do you suggest a shed at the bottom of the garden for her?" said Tom, gently interrupting. He had decided to assume the offensive.

She ignored him. "This soup," she said, "is disgraceful."

Lucy apologised humbly. So did Tom.

"Take away Miss Wilkins's soup," he said to the servant, and it went before Aunt Jane had time to clutch the plate. It was long before anything else was said by anybody, but Tom seemed to be enjoying his dinner. Indeed, the two ladies were disgusted at the brazen impudence of the fellow. Lucy longed for the end of this ghastly meal and yet feared what was to follow. At last, the servants left, and Aunt Jane coughed significantly. Tom looked up. Lucy said, timidly, "Let us go."

"No," said Aunt Jane; "the time has come."

"Has it?" asked Tom, cracking a nut.

"Your conscience," said Aunt Jane, "must tell you that you owe an explanation to your wife."

"Must it?" asked Tom, checking a smile.

"Don't lose your temper, sir," said Aunt Jane. She always began an argument like that—it seldom failed. "Lucy, tell him what you know."

"I—I—Hadn't we better go into the drawing-room?" stammered Lucy.

"No! I will protect you." She turned fiercely upon Tom. "You have letters in a drawer in your study which is locked. Don't deny it!"

"I won't," said Tom. "It's probably quite true."

"By your brutal conduct, you thought you had cowed this poor child's spirit so that she would make no inquiries."

"How *did* you guess?" said Tom.

"But *I* have come, sir!"

"I can't deny it," he said.

"And I shall remain and protect my helpless niece for ever, if necessary."

"She warned me that something of the kind might happen," he said, helping himself to a banana.

"Are you going to show me those letters?"

"Certainly not; they are private."

Aunt Jane tried to wither him with contempt, but was so unsuccessful that she felt that, unless she retreated in haste, she would lose her temper herself.

"Come!" she said. "Leave him to his conscience."

As they swept out, Tom said to his wife, "Are you a party to this silly nonsense?" but she did not deign to answer. It was all beyond doubt now, on his own confession.

Tom smoked a cigarette. He hadn't a notion what the row was about, but there would obviously be no peace till Aunt Jane went. So he changed his plan of attack and strolled into the drawing-room. The two were on the sofa. Aunt Jane's arm was round Lucy's waist. They looked ferociously at him, turned away, shuddered, and were silent. He sat down on an easy-chair and took up a book. For five minutes nothing was heard but indignant breathing. Suddenly he remarked, "I saw the doctor again to-day." There was no reply. Aunt Jane clasped Lucy tightly. He went on: "I asked him what he thought."

Still a silence. You could hear their shoulders shrugged.

"He said it was a little hard to explain the green spots, but the pink and yellow ones were either scarlet fever or something in-itis and were quite well known in the profession."

Aunt Jane had released her hold on Lucy and was looking at him with open mouth. He went on casually: "I asked, was it infectious. He said you can't tell until somebody has caught it from you."

Aunt Jane was standing up.

"But, he says, in case there *should* be any danger, I had better avoid the company of all but near relatives of myself or my wife."

Lucy hurried up to him with alarm on her face. Aunt Jane backed towards the door.

"Dear Aunt," he said, advancing with outstretched hand, "you're not going yet, surely?"

She gave a little scream and jumped away. In a moment she was out of the room.

Lucy turned to him with concern. "Is it serious, dear?" she asked.

"Just you see that Aunt Jane gets comfortably out of the house."

Lucy understood, and the spell vanished. Aunt Jane was upstairs, hurriedly putting on her hat and coat, and muttering aloud.

"I'll take a room at the hotel till to-morrow. Send on my box. No, I am afraid I can't wait—I shall be late as it is. Thank you for a pleasant evening. Write and tell me how he is getting on, and don't forget to disinfect the letter—Why didn't you tell me this before you invited me? The incompetence of some doctors!—and sprinkle it all over the carpets. Good-bye." She scurried down the stairs. Tom was in the hall to say good-bye. She dodged round him and out at the door as if twenty microbes were snapping at her heels.

The deserted couple sighed with relief. Lucy put her head on Tom's shoulder.

"I am so glad she's gone, dear. I think she's a witch; she seemed to get hold of my mind, somehow."

"Let's go and look at the guilty letters," he said.

"No, I don't want to see."

"Well, they are only what you wrote to me before we married."

So she brought what he wrote to her, and he brought what she wrote to him, and they exchanged bundles and sat at opposite sides of the table, and he knocked on the table and shot across to her the first in date, and she shot across to him her reply to it; and he read it and shot across the next, and so on all through the list, and when they came to the things which meant kisses . . .

This is a good parlour game for two.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



I understand at the moment of writing that Sir Charles Wyndham, despite all the interruptions which he has suffered, will soon be able to open his latest playhouse in St. Martin's Lane, the theatre which

through the house, extra care, in the shape of double-doors, has been adopted to keep those destroyers of playgoers' pleasure, draughts, from invading the theatre. In fact, it will be impossible ever to feel cold in the New Theatre, for, thanks to a special apparatus, which I need not stop to describe technically, even when the temperature is down to freezing-point the theatre can and will be heated up to sixty degrees. It only remains to add that intending patrons of the New Theatre can make sure of being able to have a clear view of the stage, for I have personally tried the "line of sight" from all sorts of seats in every part of the house.

Miss Ellen Terry wishes me to deny the soft impeachment that, during her forthcoming season on her own account at the Imperial, she will appear in the character of Charles Surface. The charming actress does not deny that, some time ago, she said she would like to enact that rollicking part, for, as a matter of fact, she confessed as much in a *Sketch* interview, in which her idea of leaving Sir Henry Irving's Company and of "starting for herself" (as tradesfolk say) was first publicly mentioned.

One thing, at all events, seems certain, and that is that both Miss Terry and her old "Chief," Sir Henry Irving, will take all possible precautions to avoid clashing in their respective dates of starting at the Imperial and producing "Dante" at Drury Lane. Miss Terry has several plays from which to select for her repertory at the Imperial, without even counting Ibsen's early work, "The Vikings," with which she once thought to begin her season.

From triumph to triumph Mrs. Brown-Potter may truly be said to go as she proceeds on the concert tour on which she is now engaged, accompanied by Mr. Földesy, the young Hungarian 'cellist, who is only twenty; Mr. Kalman Ronay, the Hungarian violinist; Mr. Darren Llewellyn, the Welsh baritone, who until three years ago was a miner; and Mr. Adolph Mann, the pianist, as contributors to the programme; as well as by Mr. James Cook, her manager, who also represents Messrs. George Ashton and Co., the King's Librarians, who are the managers of Mrs. Potter's tour, and Mr. Edward Baring, who has arranged the tour, and is, in his turn, assisted by Mr. Hastings. Mrs. Brown-Potter is naturally the bright particular star, for, even if she had not started out as the chief attraction of the little Company, she would undoubtedly have annexed that position by virtue at once of the charm of her individuality, her magnetic personality, and the brilliant gift with which she is so highly endowed. One of the chief items in her repertoire is Björnson's poem, "Bergliot," with music by Grieg, which she recited with such conspicuous success at the Bristol Musical Festival in October, and she is about to add the tale of "Tristan and Isolde," which has been written for her by Mr. Louis N. Parker. During the last week her itinerary has ranged from Hull to Halifax, Southport, Manchester, Gloucester, Exeter, and Plymouth, and she has recited nine times in six days.



MISS MARION DRAUGHN, THE FAIRY QUEEN IN "WATER-BABIES,"
AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

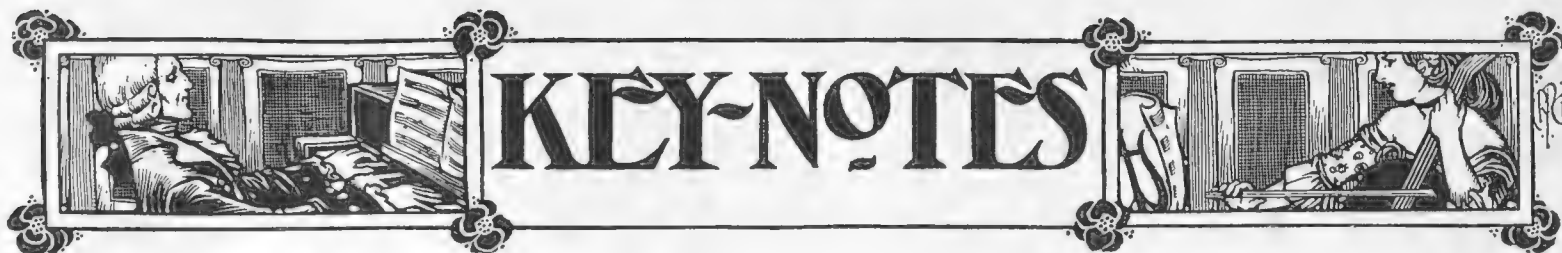
he still calls the "New." The first performance, according to Sir Charles's custom, will be devoted to the sacred cause of charity—namely, to the British Soldiers and Sailors' Wives and Families Association. Some have wondered why, for this opening performance, Sir Charles should have elected to revive "Rosemary," charming play though it be, instead of choosing some new play. The real reason is, I may tell you, that the popular light-comedian has already, as I am informed, sublet his latest playhouse.

I have just made another inspection of this New Theatre, and I find that, to the layman's eye, Mr. G. W. R. Sprague, the architect, has this, his twentieth London playhouse, quite ready for the enjoyment of Sir Charles's multitudinous patrons. The New Theatre might, indeed, to paraphrase a certain poetical figure of speech, fittingly be called the Playhouse Beautiful. I do not remember ever to have seen so splendidly designed and so daintily decorated a little Temple of the Drama in all my not altogether uneventful experience of playgoing and playhouse inspections. The Louis Seize scheme of decoration, with its white and gold and its Rose Dubarry draperies, is charming in the extreme. Very attractive also is the luxurious but cosy-looking upholstering of the two hundred and forty stalls and its two hundred dress-circle seats, while the marble dado that surrounds the pit will be found a thing of beauty and a joy throughout the performances. His Majesty will, I am sure, be delighted with the Royal Box and the adjacent Royal Room. Here, as, indeed, all

Mr. James Cook. Mr. Adolph Mann. Mr. Földesy. Mr. Kalman Ronay.
Mr. Edward Baring. Mr. Hastings. Mr. Darren Llewellyn.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AND HER CONCERT PARTY.



THE principal musical sensation of the past week, perhaps, has been the Orchestral Concert given by Miss Marie Hall at the St. James's Hall, in which the lady took the part of solo violin. She is really a very extraordinary player, and the fact is made more significant inasmuch as she is still extremely youthful, being, indeed,



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR BEN DAVIES.

Taken by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

only in her nineteenth year. Her technique is quite wonderful, and her playing is full of fire. She has had, so it is understood, a very careful training under well-known masters, and certain points of similarity between her playing and that of Kubelik may be possibly accounted for by the fact that both studied under Sevjik. Such a training makes for brilliancy, but Miss Hall is something more than merely brilliant; in a Canzonetta from Tschaikowsky's Violin Concerto in D she was amazingly good. Tschaikowsky is not easy to play simply, because, although anybody can understand his superficial emotion, it requires a real artist to dive into the depths of his remoter meaning. Miss Hall, however, accomplished both tasks with perfect success. She also played Wilhelmj's version of Paganini's Concerto No. 1 in D, assisted by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood; here, brilliant as she was, she did not always skim so lightly over the page as Paganini had purposed when he wrote the work; still, it was a wonderful performance, and in Wieniawski's "Faust Fantasie" she did everything which the compiler of this work intended, although it is permissible for one to deprecate the manufacture of such a piece. It may be added that at the same concert Mr. Frederic Austen sang "The Pipes of Pan," by Edward Elgar, and Mozart's "Hai gia vinta la Causa" very well indeed. Mr. Henry Wood, of course, brought his orchestra through with triumphant success.

Mr. Henry Wood, indeed, seems now to loom large in nearly every seriously great artistic success. At the recent Symphony Concert, given, of course, at the Queen's Hall, D'Albert's Concerto in C Major for 'cello and orchestra brought forward Mr. Hugo Becker as interpreter of the solo part. The work was first produced, two or three years ago, at Jena. Written with admirable instinct for the solo instrument, and with all the accessories carefully planned for its glorification, it impresses one considerably by reason of its singular

ingenuity, if scarcely by reason of its great beauty. Mr. Becker played with great skill and power; he "nothing common does or mean." At the same concert, Miss Tita Brand gave a recitation of the Norse Saga, "Bergliot," translated into English by Mr. Frederick Corder, to the orchestral accompaniment composed by Grieg. Miss Brand is clearly the mistress of her own emotions, and knows precisely when to restrain herself, and when, as it were, to surrender herself to the passion of the moment. She is clever, but it cannot be said that recitation to musical accompaniment is altogether a satisfactory form of art; the voice must necessarily be, in its speaking condition, out of tune with the specialised sound of the orchestra. Grieg's music is certainly very effective, and the Funeral March at the end shows him quite at his very best; it has something of Northern wildness and Northern tragedy, combined with the gentler emotions which have made this musician's work so rightly popular. To sum up the matter, one might say that Miss Brand recited admirably and that the fine music was played exquisitely, but that the mingling of the two was not at all times by any means an artistic success.—COMMON CHORD.

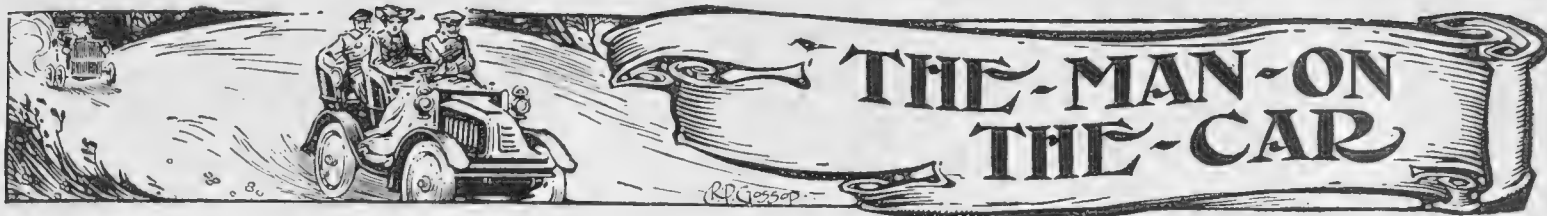
Max Wolfsthal, the young Polish violinist who is creating a sensation in London, was born in 1885 in Lemberg. He came of a well-known family of musicians, and he began to study with his father at the age of five. One year and a half later he gave his first concert in Lemberg, afterwards proceeding to Vienna for a further course of studies. Here he was noticed by Professor Grün, who took him under his guidance. Young Wolfsthal played at the Austrian Court before the age of nine. It was at the age of twelve that he made his first public appearance in Vienna, at a Philharmonic Concert, and the deep impression that his playing made on that occasion was confirmed by his subsequent triumphs in Berlin, Frankfurt, Dresden, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Bucharest. While at Constantinople he played before H.I.M. the Sultan, from whom he received the distinction of the Order of the Medjidie. Towards the latter end of last year, Max Wolfsthal, then in his



MR. MAX WOLFSTHAL.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

seventeenth year, arrived in England. His first appearance in this country was made at the Crystal Palace in October, and it is safe to say he created an impression that has never been excelled by any violinist yet heard in this country.



The Gordon Bennett Race—Protection from Wind—Durability and Punctures.

THE Irish agitation for the legalisation of the Gordon Bennett race in Ireland goes merrily and successfully on. Should Parliament refuse its permission, I tremble to contemplate the storm of indignation which will be let loose across St. George's Channel. The last issue of the Club journal teems with the names of influential people and bodies who are more than enthusiastic over the proposition that the race should be held in Ireland. Not only are the County Councils controlling the districts through which the proposed course runs heartily in support, but County Councils of far distant districts are passing resolutions day by day in favour of the race. Peer and pauper, gentle and simple, all feel that it will be a good thing for Ireland, not transient, but lasting in its effects, for thousands of people who visit Ireland for the first time will hear her calling in after-time and will wish to visit her again for the great beauties she can show them. Though the course is set some distance from Dublin, the capital is not to be left without automobile display. Should the Royal Assent be given to this Bill, the Lord-Lieutenant will be asked to approve of a series of properly organised kilomètre and mile speed-trials in Phoenix Park. That should be a great day for Dublin.

High speed on unprotected cars, though dearly beloved of the fair who go out upon our roads *en automobile*, gives them, one and all, much concern as to the conservation of their headgear and coiffures. With plenty of horse-power within the bonnet or elsewhere, a car-owner need not hesitate to have glass screens fitted on dashboard or behind the front-seat, but with vehicles engined up to ten horse-power these protections create too much windage. It is remarkable how small a surface is sufficient to prevent the wind from impinging upon the face and head of the lady passenger. Advantage has been taken of this fact to introduce hand-screens, made after the manner of large Japanese fans, the frames being filled in with stout but transparent veiling, which the fair automobilist can hold up before her face and so protect it. But as to maintain such a screen for long would prove unpleasantly fatiguing, jointed metal standards which can be screwed

to the body of the car in any desired position are provided and will hold the screen before the fair rider's face exactly as desired. In order to give a clear view forward, these screens may be had fitted with a central transparent panel of mica, which adds very much to the comfort and pleasure of the ride.

Pending the decision of the Automobile Club tyre-trials, the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, refrained from issuing any notice or advertisement that might influence the public mind; but, now that they have obtained the verdict and award, the Company have a few words to say on the question of durability. The main durability question was solved by all the tyres which finished the four thousand miles, but the relative durability has never been solved, the proposal of the Dunlop Company to the Club that the tyres should run till they were destroyed not having been accepted. The Company claim that the Dunlop tyres are more durable than any other which took part in the race, from the fact that they are repairable simply and easily by the user. As the trial was to test pneumatic tyres, genuine road-punctures—a mere matter of chance—should not have been counted, because they do not interfere with the durability of Dunlop tyres. In the original trial of three thousand miles, the Dunlop car driven by Mr. Mosses created a record by completing the distance without a single puncture, and in the last Gordon Bennett race the Dunlop tyres suffered no puncture whatever. If the question of punctures were left out and only such points as absorption of vibration and tractive efficiency were taken into consideration, true pneumatic tyres must prove their superiority. The results of the trials were never in doubt when scientific points only were considered, but they were considerably jeopardised when punctures were allowed to count against tyres specially constructed to absorb vibration, give tractive efficiency, and to be easily repaired. If these factors were left out of consideration, the Dunlop Company could produce tyres guaranteed to travel ten thousand miles without any puncture under the conditions of the late trial.



COLONEL CODY ("BUFFALO BILL") AND SOME OF HIS INDIAN CHIEFS ON A TWENTY HORSE-POWER MOTOR.

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Racing Season—Coming Events.

MANY good judges are of the opinion that the flat-racing season of 1903 will be the busiest experienced for many years. From March 23, when Lincoln opens the ball, until Nov. 28, when the curtain is rung down at Manchester, owners, trainers, jockeys, bookmakers, and racing reporters should be busy indeed. I am glad to notice, however, that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have kept several Mondays clear for the settling. True, at the beginning of the season racing opens at Lincoln on a Monday. The following Monday is given to Northampton, and the following one to Nottingham. Seven days later comes Easter Monday, which is given to Kempton, Birmingham, and Newcastle. Then comes a break until Whit-Monday, which is appropriated by Hurst Park, Redcar, and Dunstall. On July 6, Folkestone and Nottingham are allowed to clash, why I do not know. Of course, racing is permitted on the August Bank Holiday, but only one other Monday, Aug. 17 (Dunstall), is fixed up for this month. Of course, later in the season several Mondays are granted to flat-race meetings; but it will be seen that the authorities, as far as possible, try to avoid clashing with the settlement. It must not, however, be taken for granted that sport is dull when racing under Jockey Club Rules is disallowed. As a matter of fact, all the vacant dates have been appropriated for meetings to be held under National Hunt Rules.

With the Waterloo Cup decided, speculation will now increase on the Spring Handicaps. Up to a few days ago, not a single owner's commission had been attempted in the London Clubs, and the chief business consisted of the hedging bets made on behalf of the foreign agents. I am afraid the Lincoln Handicap will cut up rough, after all, as one or two of the leading fancies are more or less under suspicion. Mr. Bob Sievier thinks Sceptre could win, and I certainly do not see what is to beat her if she goes to the post fit and well. True, on the book Minstead holds her safe; that is, if he were sound, but there is a big doubt in his case, and one could not honestly recommend him for substantial support—at least, not before the day. I should have mentioned, in the case of Sceptre, that the course may not quite suit

her style of galloping, and what happened to her last year might happen again. I do not fancy Nabot, but am told Rayleigh has been supported by his owner. This horse's book-form is fairly good.

Dwellers on the South Coast swear by O'Donovan Rossa, but I shall discard "Yellow Jack" for once. I do not think the two three-year-olds, Bushey Belle and Our Lassie, are out of the race; the first-named was a smart two-year-old. Now that Mason, who had the chance of four mounts, has decided to ride Kirkland in the Grand National, that smart 'chaser has been well backed by the



LADY SARAH WILSON.

Photograph by Frank Brown, Leicester.

little punters. From latest information to hand, I suggest that the big cross-country event will be once more won by His Majesty the King's horse, Ambush II., who has been going great guns in his preparation. CAPTAIN COE.



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

A BLENHEIM AND A KING CHARLES SPANIEL. THE BLENHEIM IS LYING DOWN AND BEARS THE NAME OF LORD ROBERTS. HE HAS TAKEN FIRST PRIZES AT MANY OF THE LEADING SHOWS.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

Lady Sarah Wilson will go down in history as the heroine of the famous Siege of Mafeking, when, it will be remembered, she was taken prisoner by the Boers and afterwards exchanged for one of their compatriots. Her bright letters to the *Daily Mail* in the early stages of the War were greatly appreciated, for Lady Sarah has the literary gift so conspicuous in her brothers, the late Duke of Marlborough and brilliant Lord Randolph, and not less so in her nephew, Mr. Winston Churchill. Lady Sarah is an enthusiastic lover of dogs and is usually accompanied in her country walks by a number of her pets. Perhaps her favourites among these are her chocolate-brown poodles, the offspring of prize-winners imported from France.

The interest taken in dogs is evidenced by the wonderful Show that has just been held at the Agricultural Hall, where many hundreds of animals were on show, some of which were priced as high as five thousand pounds each. One of the most fashionable breeds is the Blenheim Spaniel. Originally a sturdy and useful animal, it is becoming delicate on account of the coddling it receives, though fine specimens are still owned by the Duke of Marlborough and friends to whom he has presented them.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DAY by day the tide of sun-worshippers, pleasure-seekers, and punters, serious or frivolous, flows apace on Monte Carlo. The pigeon-shooters wing their prey at absurdly short range, splendid frocks trail their expensive lengths over the sun-steeped Terrace, every room in every hotel is filled to its fullest with "baggage and luggage," while bourgeois Nice or quite correct Mentone empties train-loads at the cheerful little *gare* every half-hour of the day. I think pigeon-shooting is of all sports the refinement of cruelty. At Hurlingham it, somehow, does not obtrude itself so much on one's commiserating line of vision. But here, as one watches it from the Terrace vantage-ground, with the poor little maimed birds as they occasionally escape fluttering right over one's head on to the Casino roof, the ruthlessness of this weak form of sport becomes more apparent. A few days ago, one of the birds got away, though touched by both shots, and then fell "plop" in the middle of the Terrace. It flapped about in the most sickening way until a merciful Frenchman went up and wrung its neck. Its bill had been partly shot away and one leg was broken. Horrid!

Amongst the brides with noticeably pretty frocks (and they are many!) who have lately come Riviera-wards is Mrs. John Massey of Gisborne, who, as Miss Ethel Barker, had such a pretty wedding the other day at her uncle's place, Belmont, Rawtenstall. Her wedding-gown, which was built by Redfern, was quite original enough to deserve a thumb-nail sketch, being made *en Princesse* of white mousseline, on which little wreathlets of cut-out panne and the new mother-o'-pearl sequins were arranged with a quite ineffable effect. The bridesmaids were "arranged" by Redfern also, who has now

in her Redfern going-away gown of exquisitely fitting pale-grey cloth with an under-dress of lace. Her cloak to match just perfected a costume of excellent taste. Nothing more elaborate than the wraps this year, by the way, were ever heard of, or seen, or thought out, I am



ONE OF THE NEW WHITE CLOTH COATS EMBROIDERED IN RED.

such a vogue for flimsinesses of the sort, and created a most harmonious effect in their cloudy white chiffon gowns flowered with pale shades of mauve, yellow, and blue, with embroideries to match, and big blue chiffon muffs. I thought the bride looked very nice the other day



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY BLOUSE AND A NEW SKIRT.

well convinced. It is not alone the materials of which they are built, but the accessories in lace, embroidery, pearls, sequins, and fringes which go to make up the inexpressible whole.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who was at the Hermitage last week, wore all her outdoor Durbar finery, and was extremely effective therein; one of her frocks, a blue mousseline-de-soie with raised embroideries and silk fringes of pale-blue, green, and pink, suited her dark hair and colouring vastly well. A curious gown of soft-pink chenille trellis-work, with the same shade in chiffon underneath, went charmingly with one of the new Watteau hats in pink straw with a tiny wreath of rosebuds surrounding a large, flat rose. These hats are as flat as a dinner-plate, and, perched jauntily on one side of the head, have quite a captivatingly impudent air.

Dover Street, which some time ago earned for itself the name of "Petticoat Lane," on account of the number of Ladies' Clubs which have their premises there, is soon to have yet another. The Ladies' Field Club is the title of the latest addition, and it has been established for the use of the wives and daughters of country gentlemen and ladies interested in sport of all kinds. It is intended to run a coach during the season and to have a houseboat at Henley for the Regatta. Special rooms will be devoted to fencing, and members may bring their dogs and other pet animals to the Club, where they will be left in charge of a qualified attendant. The Club, which certainly seems to meet a long-felt want, should be successful. An influential Committee has been formed, and information about the Club will be given by the Secretary, Mrs. Kinglake, at the temporary offices, Avondale Hotel, Dover Street, W.

No regrets will be felt that the collection of sheds known as Victoria Station is about to be pulled down to make room for a

terminus more worthy of the greatest capital in the world. The widening of the Brighton line has begun, and the Grosvenor Hotel will have to go. The hotel will, however, be rebuilt, like the Charing Cross Hotel, across the front of the new station, and the railway offices will be placed underneath it. This will give a splendid front to the station, which will be worthy of its approach, as it will be spanned by a high roof, and the main platforms will be a quarter of a mile long. The great fault of Victoria, setting aside its wretched appearance, is the difficulty which trains have in getting in and out of the platforms, owing to the narrowness of the space available, but this defect will be largely done away with by the new arrangement.

SYBIL.

"DIE VERSUNKENE GLOCKE."

"Die versunkene Glocke" is a flight into the realm of idealism which some five years ago placed Hauptmann, hitherto a grimly realistic author, on the highest pinnacle of literary fame. It is a fantastic yet fascinating medley of the days when common folk wore picturesque garments of rich stuffs, and goblins and mortals associated in the most natural manner possible. Briefly put, Heinrich, the bell-founder, is a master of his art, and the countryside resounds with the melody of his sweet-toned bells. In his efforts to cast a bell for a mountain-church he strains every nerve to produce a masterpiece, but the waggon carrying it is wrecked by a mischievous elf, and the bell rolls into the bottom of a lake. Heinrich, half-dead with fatigue, finds shelter in a witch's cottage, and, reviving under the ministrations of the beautiful fairy Rautendelein, is carried home by the villagers. Various complications ensue, but in the end the bell-founder forsakes his loving wife and children for the companionship of Rautendelein. In despair, Magda, his wife, drowns herself in the lake by the side of the wrecked bell, and her two little sons wend their way up the mountain carrying a heavy jug filled with her tears. Heinrich shakes off Rautendelein and journeys down to the valley, where he hears the chime of the cracked bell struck by his dead wife's hand. But all mortal doors are closed to him, and, broken-hearted, he returns to the mountain-peak to die in Rautendelein's arms. The performance of "Die versunkene Glocke" by the German Company at the Great Queen Street Theatre was referred to at length in last week's *Sketch*, so it only remains to say that it was one of the most notable and successful pieces of their present season.

"Vickers's Newspaper Gazetteer, 1903," carefully revised and brought up to date, has just been issued, and it is safe to say that rarely can one get such value for a modest half-crown. As a guide to the newspapers and magazines of the United Kingdom it is invaluable, it is clearly printed, well and strongly bound, and the coloured maps of England, Ireland, and Scotland are especially good. It is published at 5, Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, E.C.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, was the pioneer in its particular branch of business, and in enterprise still keeps well ahead of all competitors. Some three years ago, the Corporation's "Advanced" Policy made a stir in the insurance world, but the latest Policy, called the "Leader," is a more comprehensive provision against accident or illness than any similar offer ever made to the insuring public. It is impossible to give any particulars in these columns of the new scheme, but readers would be well advised to write to the Corporation's offices, 36-44, Moorgate Street, E.C., for a copy of the Prospectus of the "Leader" Policy.

A revised edition of the handy little pocket volume of "Race Fixtures, Horse and Cattle Fairs, Horse Sales, Agricultural Shows, Dog and Poultry Shows," &c., for 1903 has just been published by the Midland Railway Company. The book gives, in as complete a form as circumstances will permit, the various events which take place under these headings during the year, and is supplemented by concise tables of information setting forth the arrangements made by the Company for the conveyance of exhibits, appliances, &c. Additional calendars of events have been included in this year's edition—namely, sheep and cattle sales in Scotland, principal cricket fixtures, and other items, with a view to making it as complete an itinerary as possible for sportsmen and others. The book is issued from the General Manager's Office at Derby and can be obtained gratis on application.

The will (dated June 23, 1897, with a codicil dated Jan. 18, 1900) of G. Mellin, of Wickham Hall, West Wickham, Kent, the originator of the world-renowned Food for Infants, who died on Dec. 18, 1902, at Barmstedt, in Germany, has been proved by his executors, Mrs. Emily Mellin (the widow), Ernest C. Bliss, J. J. Pilley, and G. A. Maull. The value of the estate was sworn at £15,130. The value of the settled property, which has to be aggregated with the deceased's estate, is estimated at £204,993, and the value of the deceased's property in Germany is declared not yet estimated. The testator gives £200 per annum to each of his executors, and £1000 and his furniture and effects to his widow for life. On her decease, the ultimate residue is to go to the children, and half the estate included in the settlement. The late Mr. Mellin settled the greater portion of his estate during his lifetime, and contributed generously to many charities both at home and abroad. Not the least of his gifts to charities was his contribution of £50,000 to the King Edward's Hospital Fund.

ART NOTES.

MESSRS. THOMAS AGNEW AND SONS' exhibition at 39, Old Bond Street, must be a source of delight to all who appreciate the old school of water-colour painting as represented by such men as Turner, De Wint, David Cox, and Copley Fielding. The show is particularly strong in examples of David Cox, and an examination of his singularly telling works in which clouds generally dominate the landscape and the influence of the sky is always felt throughout the whole scene suggests that, even if the technique of landscape-painting has progressed, there has been no great advance in the observation of Nature since his day. There are admirable works by Müller and Prout, and the achievements of that rare artist, Thomas Girtin, are of special interest, if only for the reason that he was the only man whom Turner acknowledged as his superior. Other great men are represented, and the exhibition is rich in works that deserve the close attention of art-lovers.

Three separate exhibitions are being held at the galleries of the Fine Art Society. A good deal of individuality and sympathetic observation is shown in the fine architecture and bold, characteristic scenery of some parts of Italy and Spain, as represented by Miss E. J. Whyte, whose "Sunrise—Lago Maggiore" is particularly charming. Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury illustrates "Rural England" in an attractive way and with much feeling for typical rustic scenes, such as "A Village Street," which conveys much of the familiar sentiment and colour and is marked by deft handling of the water-colour medium. Abundant imagination is displayed by Mr. E. Wake Cook in his collection entitled "The Quest of Beauty," wherein fanciful and romantic scenes are shown beside realistic examples of English and Italian landscape, the whole being distinguished by wealth of colour and elaborate technique. His "Interior of St. Mark's, Venice," is specially brilliant and has many fascinating architectural details.

Mr. Walter Fowler, who is showing a collection of oil and water-colour work at the Continental Gallery, is an artist gifted with a subtle appreciation of the quieter aspects of landscape scenery, and, whether he is in France or England, by river, hillside, or plain, he finds his greatest delight when grey clouds creep over the sky and throw delicate shadows that blot out brilliant colours, except, perhaps, where a gleam of sunlight falls. Mr. Fowler has absorbed much of the feeling of those fine old painters, David Cox, De Wint, and Constable, and it is pleasant to note a revival of their essentially English methods in his work. Much unaffected sympathy with Nature is to be observed in his show, "Neath Cloud and Sunshine," and his bold, wet treatment of "The Silvery Thames" is a good example of his water-colour work, as "Showery Weather" is of his handling of oil.

The members of the Dudley Gallery Art Society have arranged an exhibition of water-colours that is interesting on account of its diversity of technique and its variety of subject, for the Society does not favour any particular fashion, but admits the impressionism of Sir W. Eden and examples of elaborate stippling, while also welcoming many different methods between these two extremes. Sir W. Eden's Italian scenes are bright and sunny, Mrs. Bristowe shows a lively and boldly conceived picture of "Myself and Children," Mr. E. W. Hereford's representation of Venice is delicate and atmospheric, there is some pretty landscape work by Mr. Stormont and Mr. Stannard, Miss Hake's seascapes and rocks are noteworthy for pleasant colour, as also are Miss Ellis's old cottages and Mr. Witherby's "New Forest." Miss Gore, Mr. Bruhl, Miss Rudd, Mr. Meyrick, and Miss Mildmay deserve to be complimented. There is a romantic picture of "Chamonix" by Mr. Albert Stevens, and Miss Rose Barton is amusing in "Black and White"—a sweep at a marble drinking-fountain.

A "SIMPLEX" RECITAL.

The old-world City of London has seen the birth of many new discoveries and inventions, but few so delightful as that of the "Simplex" piano-player introduced by that well-known musical authority, Mr. Keatley Moore, at Bishopsgate Within. Many music-loving Londoners gathered together to listen to the execution of an exceptionally interesting programme, which included the Saxon "Hymn to St. John the Baptist" of Guido of Arezzo, delightful specimens of sixteenth and seventeenth century composers, and selections from the works of such modern Masters as Chopin, Mendelssohn, and last, not least, Sir Arthur Sullivan. The wonders of the "Simplex" naturally attracted the curiosity of those present. The instrument, while very simple and not at all complicated, has many advantages from the player's point of view, including a compass of sixty-five notes. Then the "reading" and rendering of the composition is completely under the player's control—a most important point; and to many the fact that a child or an invalid can obtain and give infinite pleasure through the possession of the "Simplex" will surely give it an added value to many votaries of the "heavenly maid."

The staff of Messrs. Bewlay and Co., Limited, Tobacconists to the Royal Family, 49, Strand, W.C., will hold their fourth Annual Grand Bohemian Concert (ladies specially invited) on March 2, at the Holborn Restaurant.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 10.

THE RAILWAY AGITATION.

AS everybody expected, the directors of the London and North-Western Railway have got through the meeting without defeat; so did the directors of the Gas Light and Coke Company, and yet the effect of the agitation in each case cannot fail to be far-reaching. In the case of every Company, the directors have the great advantage of knowing by the proxies deposited exactly the strength of the opposition and of shaping their own course to suit the situation, so that, if the Board hold more voting power than their opponents, they can defy criticism and make fighting speeches, while, if there is a prospect of the vote going against them, conciliation is the order of the day. With such an advantage, directors must be greater fools than they usually are if they suffer a bad defeat; but even the directors of the London and North-Western Railway cannot fail to think twice over the fact that 3121 proprietors, controlling £6,864,000 stock, were prepared to support a vote of want of confidence. As far as our recollection goes, such a vote is quite without precedent in English Railway management.

In America they manage these things on different lines; there is no excited public meeting, with its speech-making, insinuations hurled from one side of the table to the other, and graphic newspaper details. Every Road is controlled by some well-known group, and when the "bosses" are turned out, it is by some other group, or, perhaps, some individual having acquired the majority of the stock. The whole thing is settled in a back office in a quarter of an hour. Mr. Billionaire Smith walks into Mr. President Brown's office and explains that he and his friends intend to take "control" of the North Road; if there is any hesitation on Brown's part, Smith produces the scrip necessary to carry a majority vote, and invites Brown to count it. After this operation, Mr. President Jones "guesses" that he had better "quit quietly," and the thing is done.

God forbid that in this matter, at least, we should adopt American methods, whatever we may do as to their handling of traffic, application of revenue to betterments, and suchlike. In this country several Boards have had a salutary lesson, which we will hope may wake them up to more progressive methods. So long as good times are with us, they run no danger of being turned out, by even the best-organised attacks; but, should dividends decline again, we shall see a renewal—and, in some cases, probably a successful renewal—of the recent agitations.

CAPE BRETON COAL.

Cape Breton, almost at the extreme North of Nova Scotia, is the home of the Canadian coal industry. Here are situated the mines of the famous Dominion Coal Company, with its capital of over 21,000,000 dollars and output of 3,000,000 tons per annum; the Inverness Railway and Coal Company, with a capital of 10,500,000 dollars; the Cape Breton Exploration Coal and Development Company, and several others. Our illustration gives a general view of the Broad Cove Mine, which is the principal colliery of the Inverness Railway and Coal Company. On this property there are said to be six distinct seams, varying from three to fourteen feet in thickness, and dipping at an angle of fourteen degrees. Canada willingly takes all the coal that Cape Breton produces at about 2½ dollars per ton at the pit's mouth, and anxiously asks for more.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"What are you doing with a cartridge-bag at this time of year?" asked The Engineer, as The Jobber threw the article carelessly into the rack.

"It's going to be mended," returned the owner, as he seated himself on the opposite side of the carriage.

"That bag will fall," declared The Broker, looking at it as it peeped into his face from overhead.

"Not it! Kaffirs might, but it won't."

"Why should Kaffirs come down?" and The Merchant's tone was a shade indignant.

"Because there is absolutely nothing to keep them up. Moreover, the market doesn't look rotten enough yet to make one think the appearance of the silver lining is near at hand."

"I suppose we shall have to wait for the Transvaal Loan before South Africans improve," The Banker conjectured.

"Oh, hang the Transvaal Loan!" groaned all the rest in chorus.

"I wish it were out!"

"Don't believe it will ever come!" } simultaneously exclaimed

"It's a perfect Old Man of the Sea!" } four of them.

"Regular Mrs. Harris!"

"Did anybody speak?" said The Jobber, sweetly. "Methought I heard a voice."

The Banker, appealed to by the others, professed himself as ignorant of the Government's intentions, but said he opined the Budget would have to be dealt with before anything could be settled about the new Loan.

"In the meantime," sighed The City Editor, "I suppose we journalists shall have to go on inventing fresh causes for a fall in Consols about three days a week."

"That's quite possible," agreed The Broker. "Why, some men in the market are predicting that Goschens will drop to 85!"

"Then the present should be a time to make purchases," returned The Banker, with unwonted cynicism.

"You don't really think so, do you?" asked The Merchant.

"Well, in my heart of hearts," he replied, "I am disposed to think Consols may decline further before a recovery begins to take place."

"Some of the Colonial Threes ought to be getting cheap," observed The Broker, as a kind of *ballon d'essai*.

"All the Australian States are in such a fearful financial mess," objected The Engineer; "otherwise, I wouldn't mind having a thousand or two in some of them."

"New South Wales is all right now the rains have come."

"Possibly. As a matter of fact, I had been thinking over New South Wales Threes as an investment. The stock ought to be good to buy now."

As a result of a little quiet conversation between the speaker and The Broker, the latter drew out a memorandum-book and made an entry.

"It shall be reported by telephone, old fellow," said he, replacing the book in his pocket.

"Anybody got a tip worth having?" The Jobber demanded, looking round the compartment with a knowing air.

"You have!" cried The City Editor.

"Name! Name!" Thus the others.

"Far be it from your humble servant to deny the same," was the reply. "I have found a way of making gold out of copper."

"Going to add alchemy to your other accomplishments?" and The Broker jauntily flicked a speck of dust off one of his boots.

"Let him play the fool, as Shakspeare meant to have said," retorted his friend, witheringly. "If—"

"What's the tip?"

"Lloyd Copper shares."

"Price?"

"About nine shillings."

"Going to?"

"Fifteen. The property has been badly hit in the recent past by the Australian drought, and having the wrong sort of machinery; but both drawbacks have been removed, and the shares should be intrinsically worth fifteen shillings to a pound apiece. At least, so I am told."



GENERAL VIEW OF BROAD COVE MINE, CAPE BRETON, NOVA SCOTIA.

"Sounds interesting," The Engineer considered. "Are you in it yourself?"

"I've got a few at eight-and-ninepence."

Again The Broker's pocket-book came into requisition.

"There's no harm in turning an honest copper over Lloyd's," remarked the tipster.

"We'll see how it turns out," and The Merchant buttoned his coat over his chest.

"By-the-bye, how about this Railway reform agitation?" The Engineer queried. "Will it hurt the price of the Home Railway stocks?"

"Do 'em good, I should think," considered The Merchant, with whom agreed The Broker and The Banker, the latter somewhat cautiously.

"It *must* make directors more careful in future, one would think," put in The City Editor. "Surely there can be no continuance of the heavy fall—"

The Broker's hat suddenly telescoped over his eyebrows as the train came to an abrupt standstill and the descended cartridge-bag rolled ungracefully to its owner's feet.

"Did it hurt your head?" asked The Banker, anxiously, after the first few lurid seconds.

"Jolly lucky for you, Brokie, that they were both empty," and The Jobber stood on the safe side of the carriage-door with the offending article clasped to his manly breast.

A LIST OF INVESTMENTS.

Notwithstanding the continual cry that everything in the Stock Exchange is unlovely, the demand for 4 per cent. investments occurs continually, and even now brokers find considerable difficulty in making a selection to submit to clients who regard 4 per cent. as the irreducible minimum of return which they ought to get on their money. One of the first investments which may be mentioned as comparatively cheap at the present time is Grand Trunk First Preference, on the merits of which we have dealt for some time past. Following the stock up from its previous price of 95 to the present quotation of about 112½, even now it cannot be considered overvalued, yielding as it does about 4½ per cent. on the money, allowing for the dividend that comes off in April. Paying rather less, but an excellent security, is the 4 per cent. Debenture stock recently issued by the Daira Sanieh Sugar Company, which can be bought for Special Settlement at about ½ premium, at which price it pays 4½ per cent. on the investment. Of course, in such a stock the scope for a rise is limited to about five points. The Indian Midland 4 per cent. Guaranteed stock, which is entitled to a quarter of surplus profits, can now be bought to pay 4½ per cent.—or, allowing for extinction at par, say, 4 per cent.—on the money; and, in view of the way in which India has tidied over her recent difficulties, there seems to be little risk about buying a Railway stock in the Dependency. Still keeping to the neighbourhood of 4 per cents, London and India Dock "B" Preference, entitled to a 4 per cent. dividend, stands at 106, and, while the return is a shade under the round 4, the prospect of a rise in price is enough to make it worth the attention of the investor, particularly as Parliament is about to turn its attention to the problems connected with the Port of London. The list is capable of considerable extension, and we hope to return to the subject later on.

YANKEES.

Very much the same conditions now prevail in the American Market in Wall Street as are apparent in the Kaffir Circus on this side. In other words, the public, as a body, are doing little or nothing, and the big houses are afraid to make any definite movement lest they should be swamped with shares which their present holders are only too anxious to get rid of upon any advance. What buying does take place in Wall Street is reflected over here, not so much in consequence of London operators following the lead of their New York brethren, as from the anxiety of the latter to obtain shares for the purpose of control. For all the President's antipathy to Trusts and their ways, the tendency is undoubtedly to form the various railway systems into monopolistic groups, each of which is anxious to absorb the other. The time, however, has gone by when the assistance of the public can be relied upon for taking off the hands of their creators the immense blocks of securities manufactured in the course of such operations. The shop-assistant of America has turned away from speculation in disgust, after having been severely bitten last autumn, and, although efforts continue to be made to attract a fresh set of gamblers into the market, so far these tactics have proved futile. The only instance in which purchase for control is, perhaps, now affecting Shorter's Court is that of Erie Common shares.

Saturday, Feb. 21, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

J. A. L.—The opinions expressed on the Etruscan Copper concern are so utterly irreconcilable that it is impossible to get at the truth. A good number of knowing people have bought shares within the last few weeks.

F. O.—There is a little book called "A Glossary of Stock Exchange Terms,"

edited by Mr. A. J. Wilson, the City Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, which might suit you, or "How to Read the Money Article," by Mr. Charles Duguid, City Editor of the *Morning Post*.

IXION.—We presume you mean the Queensland Mining Company, Limited. It is a Colonial concern with considerable interests in mines on the Croydon Goldfield. We know nothing about the value of its shares, which are nominally 5s. each. If they cannot be bought here, it may be even more difficult to sell them. Possibly Elmslie, Limited, are all right. We have no knowledge of the firm.

E. W.—(1) The remark was intended as a recommendation. "Tip" is an objectionable word. (2) Sons of Gwalia are worth buying. (3) The people you mention are regular touts, but they pay up if you look sharp after their accounts.

SPEC.—The people connected with the concern do not inspire confidence, and we have very little doubt that the statements in the prospectus were, to use a mild term, exaggerated. The next thing we expect is a reconstruction.

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W. B. SLATER, Esq., 29, Belsize Square, London, N.W., writes, Nov. 6, 1902—

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" 2.—"SUNBA"	50	7/6	15/-	4 "
" 3.—"SURABEGAL"	100	18/6	18/6	4 1/2 "
" 4.—"SURABAYA"	50	10/-	20/-	4 1/2 "
" 5.—"SURABAKARTA"	25	7/-	28/-	4 1/2 "
" 6.—"SURABARANG"	25	10/-	40/-	5 1/2 "

Marsuma DE LUXE. Price List.

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" 2.—"SURAMBARTA" ..	25	15/-	60/-
" 3.—"SURANARMA" ..	25	20/-	80/-
" 4.—"SURONA" ..	25	30/-	120/-
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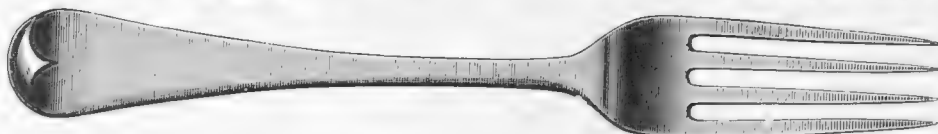
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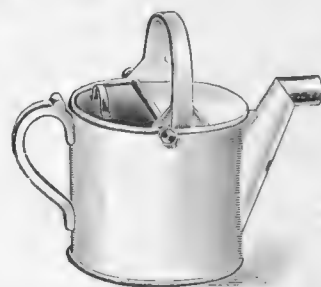
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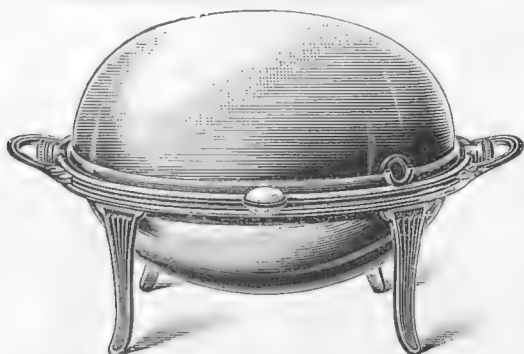


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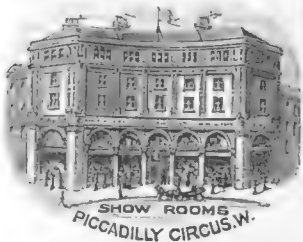
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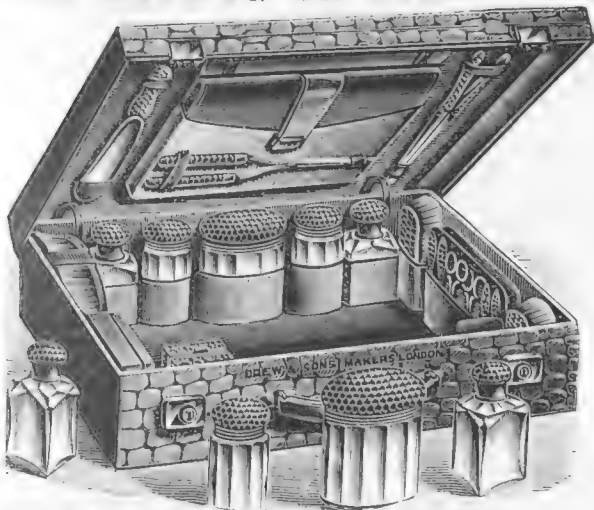
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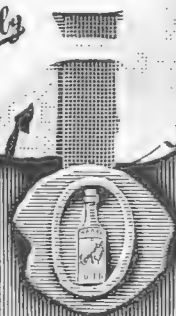
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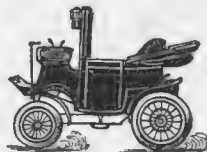
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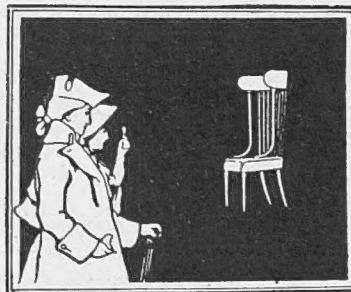
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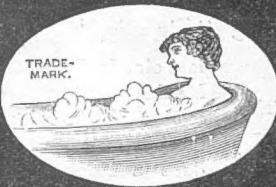
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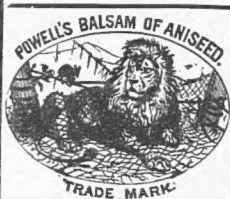
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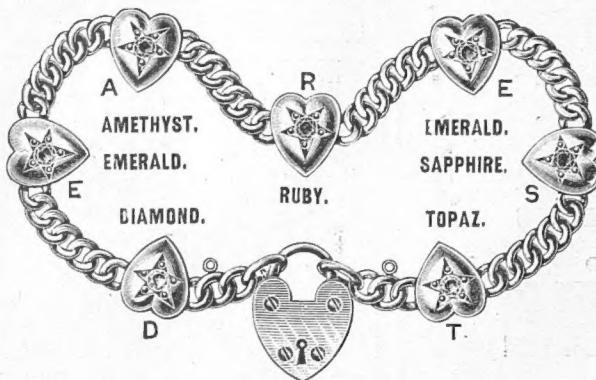
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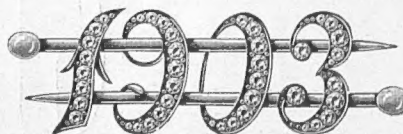
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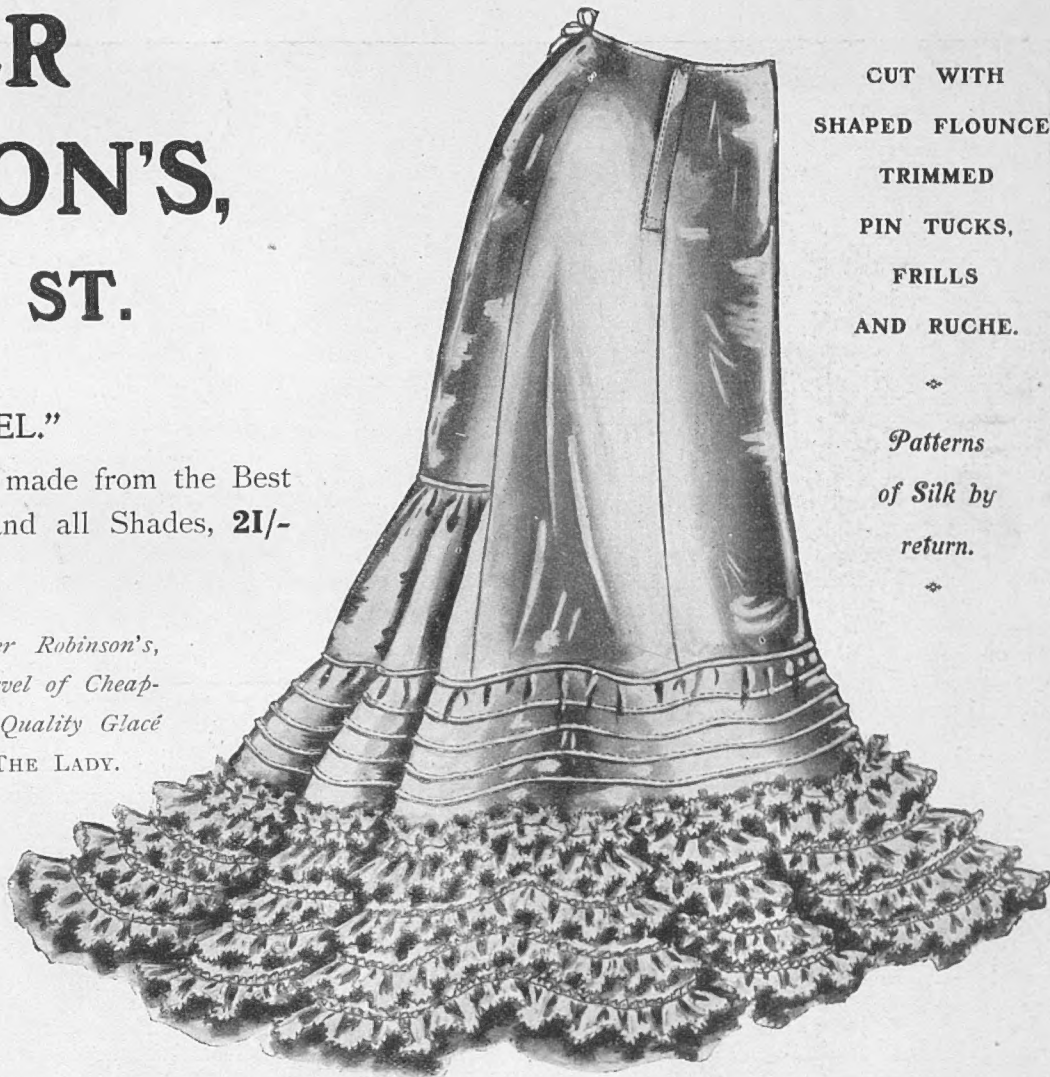
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